THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D[illegible]28 by Benj.

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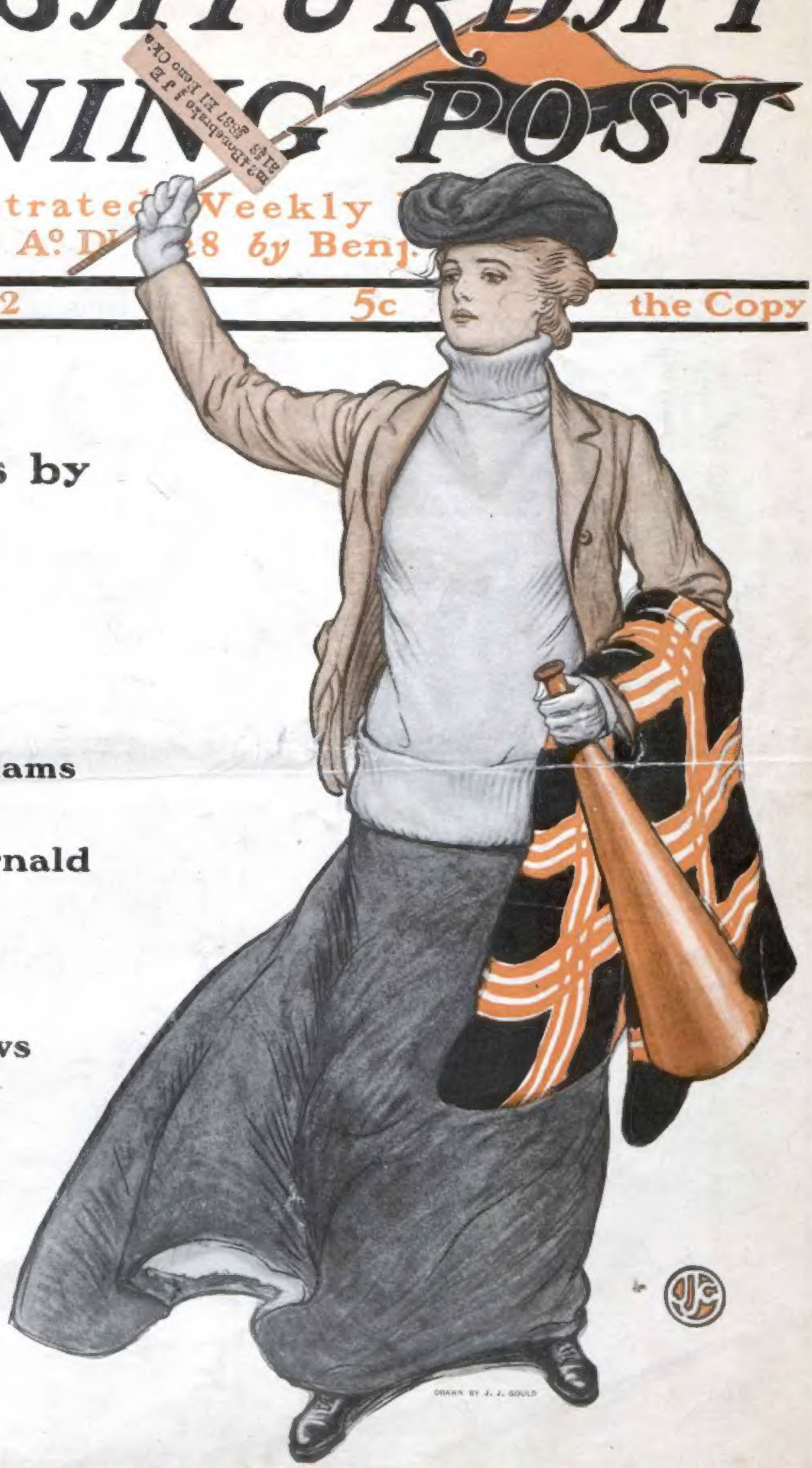

Short Stories & Articles by

Owen Wister

George Ade

Jesse Lynch Williams

Chester Bailey Fernald

Frank Norris

William Mathews

and Others

THE COLLEGE MAN'S NUMBER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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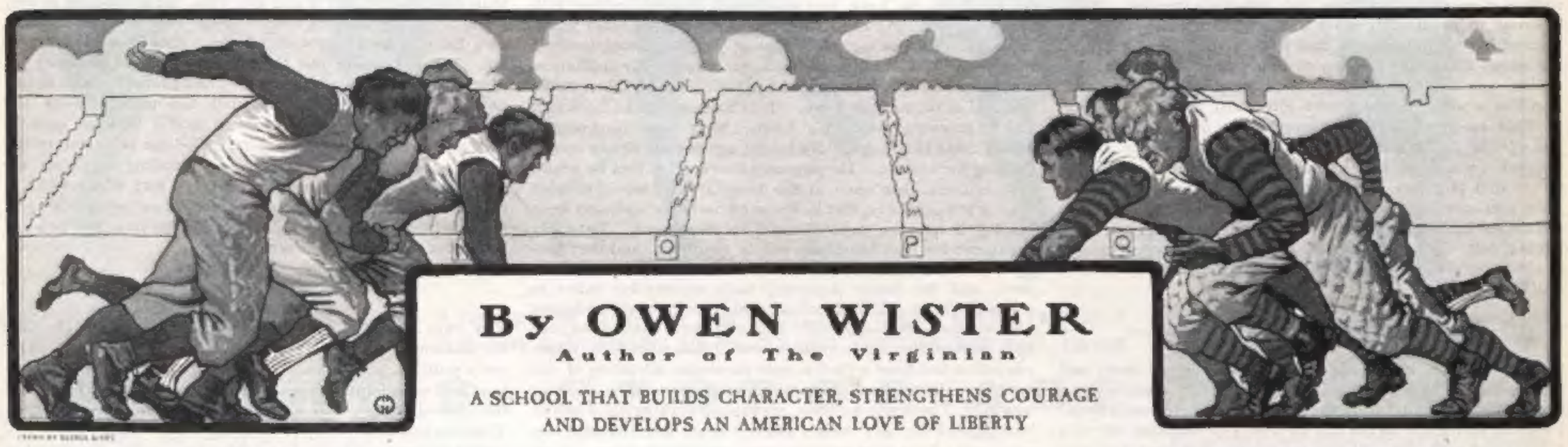
THE OPEN-AIR EDUCATION



By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

A SCHOOL THAT BUILDS CHARACTER, STRENGTHENS COURAGE AND DEVELOPS AN AMERICAN LOVE OF LIBERTY

DURING the thirteen months through which the President has been President, can he remember, do you suppose, any day when he would have liked to be merely himself, merely Theodore Roosevelt, for a few moments? Possibly there may be several such days in his recollection, but I shall risk a guess that there has certainly been one. Your mind will doubtless have already told you before I can say what day I mean. It was the time of the late trolley accident; it was when he found himself violently flung from his carriage to the earth, bruised, cut, alive at all only by merciful chance, his companions similarly flung and scattered, while the assaulting cause of all this, the especial curse which the especial blessing of electric cars has brought with it for us all over our country, the typical trolley brute, stood there not sorry and full of desire to be of help, but dense and defiant in his protoplasmic insolence. He was in easy reach of the President's vigorous and expert fists. No one had at first perceived that death as well as bruises had resulted from the lawless outrage. What was visible to every one was the torn and shaken party on the one hand and the trolley brute on the other. If ever a man deserved to be smashed till he could not see out of his eyes, it was now, here in the road, immediately. Physical punishment, wholesome and comprehensible to brutes, would have been far more beneficent than a set investigation by the law, months later, when the world had gone on and the whole affair was cold. Let the company pay damages subsequently, but let the trolley brute pay a black eye now and remember it in running his car hereafter. I am bold enough to reason from what did happen that the President would like to have administered that black eye himself, but alas! where there's a will there's not always a way; many things are forbidden to a President.

Our Love for Men of Action

You know the details of the incident. Mr. Roosevelt used some good strong English to the man, words as welcome as a tonic breeze on this occasion, welcome to every man and woman in our country, except, of course, those men and women who belong to the neuter gender. Out it came! Shut your ears and scream, ye lady and gentleman neuters, but so did it also come from George Washington at Monmouth Court House, and so will it come at the proper time from every proper man. But words are a poor makeshift when one has been knocked down in the road, and (remember that I am merely guessing) that moment in September near Pittsfield was one when the President would have liked dearly to strip his office from him, as he used to strip his coat in the Harvard gymnasium, and settle his difficulty as a mere man, as he once in Montana settled matters suddenly to the painful surprise of a frontier bully who had taken an imprudent prejudice against Mr. Roosevelt's eyeglasses.

What would Mr. Cleveland have done at Pittsfield? What would Mr. Harrison? or Mr. McKinley? It is useless to surmise, since we can never know; we may be sure that they would have behaved like Presidents. But Mr. Roosevelt behaved like himself. "Don't mind me, I'm not hurt; look after the others," he said, and rushed upon the trolley brute with a few first natural words. And, hearing them, the United States sighed with happy satisfaction. Ah, what a splendid thing is the natural, wholesome man!—the man who thinks straight, feels straight and acts straight; who does not wait to be prompted, but says his say and does his deed outright, and lets criticism begin when he leaves off. We love such a man so much beyond all others that we even want to forgive him when we think he is wrong. He is the man of action, and we prefer him to the man of caution; and not seldom do we find that much caution lies behind his action, caution invisible, caution efficient yet instantaneous, caution that takes in everything and decides in a moment; not that long-drawn-out operation of the mind which keeps people and events waiting. This, indeed, is far better than no caution at all, but it is a poor thing when compared with the quick-working sort. For the quick-working sort not only strikes, *but also knows when to go slow*, and decides upon slowness as quickly as it decides upon everything else.

Some Results of Nature's Schooling

Can this great gift be won by effort? And if so, where? If it can, I think there is no place so likely as out-of-doors. It is not the body of a man alone that out-of-doors is good for. Have you ever stopped to wonder what George Washington would have been like if he had been brought up in Boston? Mental New England has given us the Emersons and the Hawthornes, but Washington scouted for Indians in the backwoods and Lincoln split rails. So also have the body, the mind and the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt profited by his open-air education. You will remember that he was not a strong boy, that physical health was one of the earliest things that he set his heart upon having, that he sought it in the fields and the woods, following his bent for Natural History, and that he took many rides upon a pony in the same quest. College life did not end this habit, but brought into it certain athletic interests; and, since he became a man, the Rocky Mountains have been a constant recreation—let me spell it *re-creation*, for so you will perceive the word's deep meaning—to Theodore Roosevelt. Whatever his inherited gifts and temperament, be very sure that Nature's schooling has helped him to that directness in deed and word which so often wins and reassures our hearts.

Taught *him*, you may possibly agree, but can it do all these good things for everybody? Please let me say at once that I am not going to preach any panacea to you, not even though I could easily show how much both Emerson and Hawthorne owed to their contact with the open air, and thereby seem to prove that all kinds of men can profit by such education.

No! Since I became acquainted with a certain leering, double-jointed apothegm which states that "No generalization is wholly true—not even this one," I have placed it continually higher in the ranks of wise utterances; and if you will take the twisted thing to heart as I have—sorrowfully—done, you will thenceforth be very wary about your panaceas. You will be careful how you rush about telling your neighbors that anything is the best thing, or the only thing, or the final thing. To believe anything absolutely is very nice, and comfortable, and I do believe that one man's drink may be another man's poison. Open-air education failed so signally with a boy who came under my notice that you must hear the brief incident for the sake of the very useful light that it throws upon panaceas.

He was a farmer's boy, from good rustic stock, brought up in the wholesome fields, and familiar with dogs and horses. He had, to be sure, a vapid, hang-back look to him, but this we, his would-be benefactors, set down to ill health; his lungs were threatened. Therefore we decided that a little cowboy life in the healing air of the West would make a man of him. A friend on a ranch was appealed to and responded most generously; another friend supplied other necessities, and I supplied that copious futility, good advice. The boy went. It was into good hands that he went: good, kind, typical Western hands, ready no doubt to poke fun at him as a tenderfoot, but equally ready to give him a lift through the first steps of his new experience. Well, the whole thing proved a mournful fiasco. The boy began at once to write letters home that sounded like the mewings of a wet cat. He was urged to have patience, but it was no use; the mewings got louder and wetter, and one day the cat came back! Nothing, not the fields of his childhood, nor the horses of his boyhood, nor that inspiring Rocky Mountain splendor of his final experience, had availed. Open-air education could not make a man of this luckless weakling, because there was no man in him to make. I am afraid that men, like poets, must be born so; and fortunately men are more plentiful than poets. We may be sure that nothing ever comes out of a person save that which was originally in him; and you cannot educate a vacuum, not even by the open-air system. Books, travel, open air, all these things are merely fertilizers, and if there is no seed in the field no sprouts will appear.

Where the Too Much Can Come In

It is not only for the sake of panaceas that I mention the case of the farmer's boy. It is to remind you that a son of the soil can be just as "effete," just as useless a citizen, as those "pampered sons of gold" who are sent to rich colleges by their fathers, the "money barons," and who from time to time are so convenient a mark for the demagogue of the platform or the newspaper when he wants to bring down the gallery. I have seen some effete rich people; but I have seen *rather more* effete poor people. And this is perfectly natural, since riches are apt to be a symptom of force and character, while poverty is often a sign of shiftless weakness. As for college education unfitting young men for practical affairs (you remember that this generalization was announced by a conspicuous Wall Street broker), if you will take the trouble to walk into the offices of the great bankers and brokers of New York and Boston you will find college-bred men sitting high among the seats of success: men of action and caution combined, clear thinkers and hard hitters. Three or four of them stand out prominent as I recall the list known to me, and I find that each rowed on a crew, or played football or baseball. One captain of a winning crew is particularly present to my mind.

There is no call for me to raise my voice in favor of college athletics; it would be inaudible in the already loud chorus; and I would not be among those who by the very extravagance of their praise almost turn us against a good thing. As Mr. Edward Martin says in his recent volume of verse:

> . . . granting a sport is a right good sort,
> Need we make it religion, too?

No indeed! that is where the Too Much comes in, our American failing of exaggeration. My winning crew captain was not a victim of the Too Much. To his training he brought the sobriety gained from much previous open-air education. He was a deep and silent lover of the woods, of the wilderness indeed; and long contact with Nature had brought out both the daring and the restraint of character that was in him. He was able as he matured to astonish the natives of a wild district on one notable occasion. Being desirous to penetrate certain waters with his canoe, he was assured by the inhabitants that such a thing had not been attempted within the memory of man—that the danger from rapids was insurmountable. He listened, and disappeared into the woods. Some weeks afterward he and his companions emerged, having triumphantly accomplished the undertaking. He met at first with entire incredulity, but in the end it was proved to the community; and in those regions to-day that trip has assumed well-nigh legendary features. Judgment, persistence, independence, these were the qualities developed in the crew captain by his open-air education; and, having left a legend behind him in the woods, he sits in a banker's chair passing upon enterprises which involve millions.

To Know Nature is to Know Men

Part of his stock-in-trade is shrewd knowledge of men; and this useful gift is one that you will continually meet in those who imbibe learning from the open air. There was a rustic I used to fish with: in the fall he would go shooting, but this I never did with him. It was not money that took him into the open air with his rod and gun, it was not even wholly the desire to catch or to kill something: it was (quite unconsciously to him, I suspect) a passion for out-of-doors, where he observed all the tricks of the wind, and many little habits of little animals. He would expatiate upon the caprices of trout as we do of our male and female acquaintances. You might have supposed he had tried to reason with these fish and show them their absurdities. Now this wandering half savage and wholly delightful creature inquired of me at a time when the neighborhood in general was unanimous in its praise of the new clergyman who had taken charge of one of the two churches, "Seen the parson yet?"

I had not. But he had, with a vengeance.

"Took him fishing," said he to me, "up Turkey Creek. Wouldn't trust him with a nickel."

I could not make him tell me why. I am not certain that he knew himself.

"Oh, well," was all that he would say, "not with a nickel."

Why such destruction of character as this, wrought by simply one day's fishing? It is possible that the man had, under fatigue, or wet feet, or being too cold in the rain, or being too hot in the sun, revealed some flash of his inner self. But if such flash there was, I doubt whether it would have been visible to my less wary observation. I think that the eyes, nay the sum total of sharp senses, that noted the tricks of the wind, were alive to signs and symptoms which you and I would not have perceived. At any rate, in not very much more than a year there burst a scandal in that pastoral neighborhood larger than anything that had troubled it for a generation. Ladies hastened about to each other, exclaiming that they refused to believe it, and certainly to the very end some did so refuse. But the clergyman had to go.

You will find this clear reading between the lines of a man's character very common among those whom the open air has educated. It can, of course, be developed as well in other ways, but in none better. And while the open air, with the emergencies it brings, may be doing this service for you, it is likely to be giving you health and promptness at the same time.

A young prospector accidentally shot himself in his tent alone in the mountains. The bullet broke a big hole in the bone of his leg, and he was obliged to remain where he lay, helpless save what his two hands could do for him. It was some hours before his friends returned and found him. It was twenty-four hours before he could be brought to a settlement; and here, after the roughest sort of journey down the mountains, there was no doctor. There was nothing but listerine and frontier intelligence, the quick, sure intelligence bred of constant emergencies. Bandages were made while the doctor was waited for, and he had to be summoned from seventy-five miles away by a messenger on horseback. It was the third day (I almost think it was the fourth, but I will be sure of no overstatement) following the accident when the doctor reached his patient, and we had all made up our minds sorrowfully and silently that the poor fellow must lose his leg up to the knee, that this forfeit was the lightest with which he could get off. After inspecting the wound, which was a horrible-looking thing, I assure you, the doctor declared that he could do nothing safely so far from proper appliances and proper nursing, and that the patient must be taken to the hospital at the nearest town. This happened to be Spokane, and it meant a three days' journey for the wounded man—two of them in a stage. He fought against the doctor as one fighting for his life. He piteously asseverated that he would recover there, that once in the hospital they would take off his leg to a certainty, that he knew he could get well and keep his leg if only he were allowed to stay there. To every argument he had but these words to repeat, and they prevailed. That is, he was allowed to take the risk at his own peril, and the doctor departed, back seventy-five miles to where he lived. The directions that he left about bandaging and washing were devotedly and efficiently carried out, not by a woman, but by a man; a man college-bred, to which education had been added a most strenuous schooling of the open air. Once the doctor visited his patient again, and that was all. There was no fever, no illness, nothing but a steady healing of bone and flesh. I saw it every day with my own eyes, and I have seen nothing more marvelous ever. Some four weeks later I went to bid the man good-by. I found him at a ranch among the hills, hopping about on crutches for caution's sake, and blithe as a bird. He and his leg still keep company.

A Good Word for the "Kicker"

The same rich physical and moral gifts of health and promptness bred by the open air brought a young fellow through an accident in a corral scarcely less serious. A wild horse that he was trying to rope plunged and fell, crushing the bones of his ankle shapeless. They carried him into a cabin, where there was nothing but some laudanum of mine to help his sufferings. This time the hospital was only seventy-five miles away, and everybody volunteered to take him there, or make him comfortable on the long, rough drive. It was late in October, at an altitude of some seven thousand feet. One brought quilts, another blankets, a third furnished the easiest-running wagon within reach, a fourth horses, and two drove him away after nightfall down the river. I sent a note to the doctor, whom I knew; but the note effected nothing, for the attention the boy received was the same admirable care shown to every one. Three or four weeks later he, too, was out of hospital and hopping about on crutches. He thought, quite unnecessarily, that he owed some thanks to me. These he did not, of course, directly express. Open-air education makes such expressions extremely difficult. But I suspected by the way in which he lurked about that he was troubled, so to speak, with subcutaneous thanks; and I therefore casually mentioned my regret that the note I had sent the doctor had done no good, that the treatment he received was the same anybody would receive, and that I had been in no way allowed to make myself responsible. These remarks brought none from him, neither did they change his mind about thanks. As I was stepping into the stage to leave the country for that season he was on hand. He did not say "Good-by"; that seems to be a rare and objectionable word in the open air. He said, looking away from me in a guilty manner, "Next year you'll have the best horse on the river."

We began our instances with a trolley car, and I am going to let the last one be connected with the same vehicle; for you will see, I think, that it assembles and presents all the benefits that can be got from open-air education. This time it is the back instead of the front of the car that is involved, and thus we get all the ugly characteristics of the street car—characteristics that ourselves are alone to blame for. You know that Herbert Spencer has said we Americans are losing our love of liberty. I hope that he is wrong, but I know very well what he means. We suffer a host of daily routine impositions rather than do what is called "make a kick." We suffer these things not at all from good nature, but from a species of cowardice; and to cover this cowardice up and preserve our self-esteem we have invented the word "kicker." "Thank heaven," a man exclaims, "I am not a kicker." And then he goes and pays an unjust bill rather than dispute it. And if you ask, Why? he will be apt to say, "Oh, let us live and let live!" After that he feels comfortable because he has got round the corner from his cowardice. But it is there just the same. If he had disputed his bill the next man would do it, too, and presently bills would be correct. If everybody treated the motorman as the President did, presently motormen would be more careful. And as for the trolley-car conductor—here we come to the rear end of the machine and find standing on it all too frequently a special sort of coward, the sort who refuses to turn a drunken and disorderly passenger out of the car, and mutters by way of defense, "He's paid his fare, and he's got as good a right to ride as anybody."

Another Tale of a Trolley Car

You have probably met this specimen yourself. He, like the motorman, usually knows that a powerful corporation, if not a political pull, stands behind him, and that your sufferings and complaints, unless you happen to be President of the United States, will not weigh much with his employers. Thus are you and I, the public, ground between the upper and nether millstone of capital and labor because we are afraid to be "kickers." One afternoon a case of this grinding was taking place in Philadelphia. The car was bound uptown, and business men and shopping women filled it fairly well. Among them sat a citizen, quite dirty and quite drunk. He was an offense to decency, a public nuisance; he had no business to be there. The conductor knew this, and therefore took good care not to see the citizen. The citizen (as is frequent) had a cigar, not in his mouth but in his hand, and the fumes of it rose and stank in the car. Of course smoking was expressly forbidden; but you know this trick of the cigar in the hand. You know also what we men were all doing. We were behind our papers, or otherwise pretending that nothing was the matter, or else making a smile and a wink of it to fool our consciences. I take it we were few of us secretly at ease, because the cigar and the drunkenness of the man were plainly annoying to two women. They, poor things, dared to make no more complaint than we did, and for the same reason; they were afraid to be conspicuous; they shrank from a scene; they chose rather to suffer an ill-smelling invader of their rights than be stared at for telling the conductor to do his duty.

Thus we should have all continued to journey in smug Philadelphia tolerance of the intolerable but for a refreshing interruption. There sat among us in the plain clothes of labor one who was not of ourselves. Living in Philadelphia had not yet cured him of his independence. He had earned his bread west of the Missouri, sometimes as a cowboy and sometimes as a soldier, and he now proceeded to disclose all the symptoms of his training.

"Conductor," said he with a pleasant intonation (and we all came from behind our papers), "that man ought to have been put out some time ago."

The conductor went through quite a performance of being busy with his exchange tickets.

"You heard me, conductor," said the passenger (I wish I could make you hear his pleasant intonation), "but it's not too late yet."

At this the drunken man began to show some symptoms, too. He looked bovine and belligerent, while the conductor was now forced to play his customary false ace of trumps.

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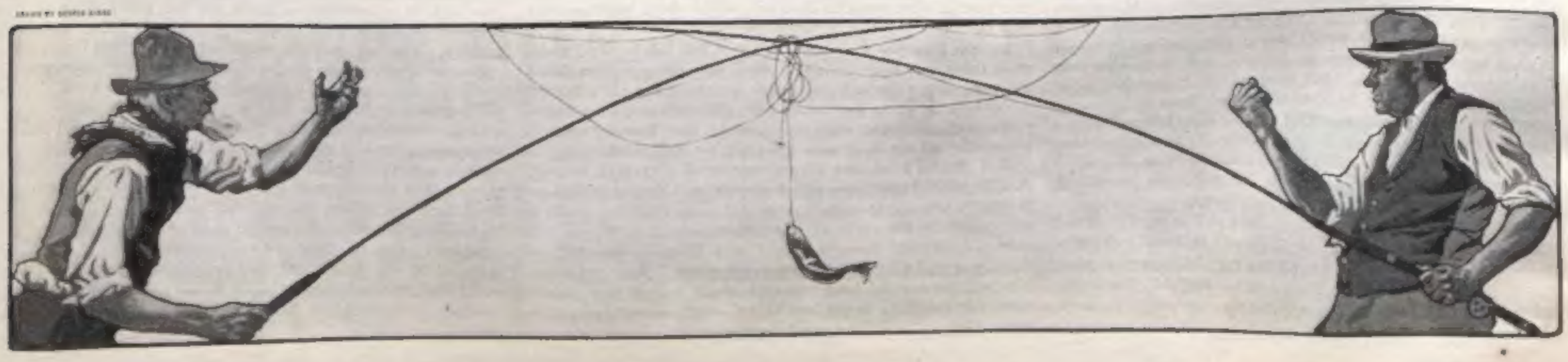


THE REAL FRESHMAN

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE TRUE, THE "FRESH, FRESH, FRESHIE," THE ONE WHO COMES UP TO COLLEGE OUT OF THE TALL GRASS

By GEORGE ADE

Author of Fables in Slang

WILLIAM ELLSWORTH GREENFIELD is a student of "Old Atwater" (founded in 1868) and a member of the class of '06, which he is readily learning to designate as "Naughty-Six." Already the class of '06, formed out of void and nothingness only a few weeks ago, has adopted a class yell of which this might be a stenographic if not a literal report:

Rickety-rackety, hullabaloo. Zing-boom! Hoop-de-do! Can they beat us? Nixey! Nix! We are the boys of Naughty-Six!

Rather a neat thing to be done offhand by inexperienced first-year cubs. Next year, having learned that all great works carry the essence of simplicity, the class will revise its vociferation into a mere sequence of "rahs," sharply executed.

The soul of William Ellsworth Greenfield, '06, unfolds smilingly upon the possibilities of this life, even as the morning glory opens when warmed by the sun. His outlook has widened as though he had been taken by the collar all of a sudden and set upon a high place.

Now that the new outlook no longer awes him he is all eyes for his surroundings, and is learning to compare values and stand by his conclusions, so that his "education" has fairly begun.

A Genuine Middle West Freshman

When William Ellsworth Greenfield came to Atwater in the second week of September he was a real freshman. By the freshman is meant the genuinely fresh man—the neophyte, the tyro. Not the chap who was predestined fifty years ago to wear the orange and black of Old Nassau and keep unbroken the family line at Princeton. Not the one who steps up to matriculation with a precocious knowledge of clothes, football and senior societies, gained at some resounding "prep" school.

The real freshman, as we know him in the West, comes wonderingly out of the tall grass or the rustling woods.

He is a child of Nature—a half-baked product of our public school system—a tremulous interrogation point. What he doesn't know about student life would fill the Family Medicine Book. What he hopes to know would fill the Encyclopædia Britannica. He comes from the way-station or the big white farmhouse, and striking an average of all the real freshmen we may say that he is unsophisticated, bewildered, more than a trifle green. His senses are on edge. He wants to learn.

William Ellsworth Greenfield prepared at the Hicksburg High School. He got a smattering of algebra, a suspicion of the dead languages and a trace of modern scientific methods. He graduated from the high school with a class which was overbalanced with the feminine. The ratio was about four to one.

A majority of the boys in the smaller towns feel satiated with knowledge after they have arrived at the second grammar room. The one who goes ahead and devotes himself to the botanical fripperies of the high school is very often an object of suspicion if not of contempt. His former confrères of the lower grades are on salary—proudly buying their own clothes and on Sundays going about in "livery rigs." As a matter of course they rather hold themselves superior to the non-producer, who is a dead weight on his parents. When he graduates in a black cheviot suit with a yellow rose in his lapel and sounds a clarion call to duty in an "oration," duly printed in the weekly paper, the glory of his station is an empty bauble. The real pride of the place is the youth who at eighteen is keeping books in the bank and has made first payments on a row of lots in the new subdivision.

But in every township there are boys with a well-developed longing for a "college education." Their plans for the future are in a most nebulous condition. However, they have a hopeful theory that a "college education" will give them the password to a learned profession or, at least, build them to more important proportions. A seat in Congress always looms, dim and vast, as one of the remote but glorious possibilities.

As a rule, the parents are not thoroughly convinced as to the value of a four years' course, but they are impelled by love and hopeful pride to make the experiment. Very often the question of ways and means enters sharply into the project. A four years' course at a Western college may cost anywhere from $1000 to $4000. There are hundreds of boys in Western colleges who can manage to go from September to June on $250, or even less. As for the one who spends a thousand, he is a nabob and very often he is smothered in his own luxuriousness. For the young man who expects to go through without resort to pinching economy, a family appropriation of $1500 to $2000 must be forthcoming. Now $1500 is not a large sum in Wall Street on a busy day, but in the agricultural regions of the Middle West, where wealth is measured by bushels, the expenditure of $1500, even though it be divided into small payments, requires a degree of courage. But money and the disposition to spend money for something other than the staples of life are now plentifully distributed.

Within the past twenty years there has been a gradual increase of surplus wealth all through the Middle West. The merchants, professional men and well-to-do farmers have lifted mortgages, paid themselves out of debt and formed the habit of carrying a balance at the bank. The very recent years of prosperity have brought into each rural community a volume of money which might easily bank up and lie idle if no one devised new ways of spending it. As a result the rate of interest on loans has fallen from eight per cent. to five per cent. The spirited bidding by those who are land-hungry has lifted the price of farm lands nearly fifty per cent. within five years. Illinois and Indiana corn land that could be bought for $65 an acre in 1898 cannot be touched for less than $110 an acre. In Iowa the price of land jumps gayly, five dollars at a jump. But in many favored neighborhoods no land is on the market. Every man is holding tenaciously to his quarter section and improving it. The surplus of the yearly earnings is going for new white houses with ornate front porches, big red barns with gilded weather-vanes, rubber-tire carriages, driving and saddle horses, pianos and tailor-made clothes.

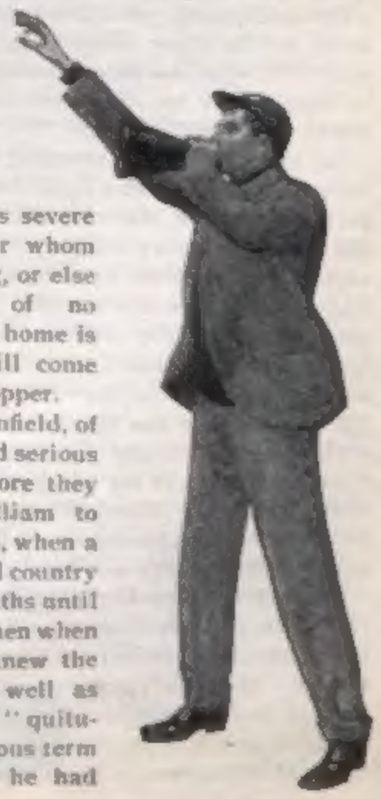
The country town of a thousand inhabitants has its own electric-lighting plant, waterworks, telephone exchange, and is yearning for an "opera house." The storekeepers, doctors, lawyers and grain-buyers vie one with another in beautifying their homes. Decrepit board fences and weed patches are disappearing from the prairie towns. Merchants carry in stock a sightly array of "city goods" instead of the old-time staples in barrels and crates. The farmer boy is no longer satisfied with apparel guaranteed to wear; he chooses to bloom forth like a calla lily. In other words, the corn belt has been seized with a mania for "putting on style." A druggist in a county-seat town said to me not long ago, "We've got everything that you've got in Chicago except the smoke." In all the American carnival of transformation there is no more striking feature than the rapidly improving conditions of every-day life throughout the Middle West.

What has all this to do with the college freshman, do you ask? Simply this: The presence of detached wealth—of cash—has made it possible for several freshmen to grow where one grew before.

Where the Freshman Comes From

I have in mind a farming township with a small town as a kernel in which twenty years ago there were but two families that sent the boys away to college, and in doing so they rather braved public opinion. This fall, twenty young men of that township are devoting themselves to football and the higher branches of learning. When I entered Purdue University in 1883 the freshman class had thirty-five for a total yearly enrollment. This year the freshman class numbers 400. The same terrific increase may not hold good for any large number of institutions, but it is true that in ninety-five per cent. of the Western colleges the attendance has increased by leaps and bounds; and the year of 1902-3 easily promises to break all records.

Which means that the freshman comes from a family in which there are no college traditions. It may be doubted if five per cent. of the students in Western colleges are the sons of college-bred men. The boys come from homes in which the college is regarded as a large and complicated mill that gathers in the youth and turns them out either as severe young intellectual giants for whom the laurel wreaths are waiting, or else shiftless cigarette-smokers of no learning capacity. But each home is hoping that its own boy will come out at the lucky end of the hopper.



Mr. and Mrs. John H. Greenfield, of Hicksburg, had many long and serious talks in the stilly night before they finally decided to send William to Atwater. John H. Greenfield, when a boy on the farm, had attended country school during the winter months until he was fourteen years old. Then when it became evident that he knew the textbooks approximately as well as the teacher knew them, he "quitu-ated"—such being the facetious term in common use. Thereafter he had

made his own way. At twenty he owned his team and was shipping stock to the Chicago market. At thirty he had acquired an interest in a grain elevator and was driving shrewd barters in farming land, his unvarying purpose being to get full value and then something "to boot."

In June, 1902, when William completed the high-school course, John H. Greenfield was reputed, in whispers, to be worth $50,000, this amount being represented by the aforesaid grain elevator of most ungainly proportions, a white house set off by new bay-windows and cement walks, and 320 acres of productive land with no incumbrances. He was a large and serious man, habitually toned down by the chaffy dust that envelops a grain elevator and with a proclivity for speculating upon the ways of Providence as applied to the development of crops. Mrs. Greenfield was a well-rounded and cheerful personage, paragon of housewives and mainstay of the organized fight against rum and tobacco. Of colleges and college life they knew but little, but John H., although he had been a reading man for years, always felt a diffidence and recognised some evidence of his own inferiority when he came into contact with Judge Thompson or "Doc" McClane or Bob Alexander, the lawyer, for they were college-bred men and living proof of the fact that even a college graduate may have some "practical" sense, provided he has been away from college long enough.

Furthermore, William showed no enthusiasm for weighing grain, but loved his books and perhaps—— So the superintendent of the high school was consulted. He assured John H. that William had a "bright mind" and that four years' training at Atwater would make a man of him, whereas if he remained at Hicksburg, half-idle and with no definite plans for the future, he might vegetate or form bad habits.

So one day in July the first intimation came to William that if he really wished to improve his golden opportunities Atwater was a possibility. William knew, when the first hint was dropped, that he was destined to be a college man.

William was overwhelmed, overjoyed, and at the same time beset with vague fears of the ordeals awaiting him. He had inward and sinking doubts as to his ability to travel along with the clever young men who figure in all college stories. His diploma from the Hicksburg High School would give him admission to the freshman class, but after that?

The incipient freshman believes that he is soon to be brought into contest with the brightest minds of the century, and that to equal their achievements he will be compelled to toil unremittingly, burning the midnight oil. The catalogue serves to strengthen this belief. William accepted the catalogue *in toto*. He surveyed the curriculum even as a mountain-climber might survey the precipices, peaks, glaciers, crevasses, and forbidding slopes between himself and the summit of Jungfrau. Biology, Analytics, Calculus and all such! How can one finite and high-school mind hope to gather in all the vastnesses of knowledge suggested by these appalling names? William did not realize that the long and perilous climb was to be made by easy stages, with the climbers roped together for protection and a kind-hearted guide always ready to chip out steps for the faltering ones.

William attached a deep and literal significance to everything he read in the catalogue. The rules and regulations

(Concluded on Page 19)

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR

THREE SHORT TALKS ON THE RELATION OF THE UNDERGRADUATE TO THE UNIVERSITY AND OF THE UNIVERSITY TO THE WORLD

As one looks over the world to-day it seems clear that the pioneering age has passed; and the cut-and-try methods of the pioneer are not fitted to the highly organized machinery with which the world's work is now done. Initiative, resourcefulness and nervous energy are great factors still, but they will not endure in competition with efficient training, patient study and exact knowledge.

It is equally clear that the possession of training and of knowledge brings not only the superiority of greater skill but the enormous advantage of the added moral power which comes with training: a power all the more effective because so generally underestimated.

If the American has determined to place his country in the very front of time these things must be fairly faced, and the American system of educating and of training young men must be planned to meet the new conditions which the world's progress has brought in.

First. The American, retaining whatsoever advantage he has in quickness and originality, must supplement these with the efficiency of thorough training.

Second. The foundation of education and of training must be furnished in the school, and in order that it may serve its purpose the school must be so conducted as to minister not only to the doctor, the lawyer, the engineer, but to the banker, the commercial traveler and the artisan. It must serve not alone the captains of the commercial and industrial army, but the soldiers of that army as well.

Third. The system of schools must be so planned that the trained youth may enter upon his service at an age when elasticity and adaptability still remain.

That these results are difficult to bring about no one who knows our system of education and our national habits can doubt. That the problem of general commercial and industrial education is immediately before us and waiting solution is equally plain. That the genius of the American will be equal to this problem I have no question.

The Two Doors to Business Life

By Henry S. Pritchett

President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Construe the times to their necessities.—HENRY IV.

AMONG the qualities which the pioneer develops two are most characteristic. One is the ability to do much with scant means; the other the audacity to embark upon great enterprises with imperfect knowledge. The citizens of Red Gulch had in mind this manner of man when they affectionately described their chief citizen as one "who don't know much, but kin do a lot."

In comparison with the citizens of older countries all Americans of the past generation are pioneers. The ability to make a little knowledge go a great way is a national characteristic. The American is alert, energetic, resourceful and superficial.

During this last thirty years he has been enjoying the unearned fruitage of a new continent, and has grown strong upon it. In these same decades there has been going on, under his eyes, an object-lesson in nation-building conducted by men whose training and environment have been almost the opposite of his own.

In 1871 Germany emerged from the war with France a united country, with a fixed ambition to win a commanding place among the nations. Hedged in by powerful foes, burdened with a heavy military yoke, handicapped by a poor soil and limited natural resources, she has nevertheless won her way to the place she sought. Her success has been gained by methods wholly different from those of the pioneer. It has come as the result of patient study and perfect preparation. The motto of her citizens has been, "Know first, then act." Whether the German citizen is to be scientist, physician, merchant, banker, artisan or commercial traveler the state makes ready for his feet the pathway to the most efficient training. Whether he enter industrial, commercial or professional life, he enters a trained man; not an expert, but qualified to become one by the shortest possible experience.

These two doors to business life—the American door and the German door—open to-day upon the same arena, the commercial and industrial battle-ground of the world. From the one enters a champion quick and resourceful, but ill-trained and overconfident; from the other a warrior cautious, but fully armed, sure in his knowledge, and untiring. Which is the stronger for the contest which is even now begun?

The Irresponsible Undergraduate

By Russell H. Chittenden

Director of the Sheffield Scientific School

THERE is apparently a prevalent belief among college men that standards of honesty, honor and integrity are somewhat different in the undergraduate college community from those that prevail in the outside world. At least this conclusion seems to be justified by the existence of many college customs, sanctioned for generations by the students themselves, which certainly are hard to reconcile with the ordinary standards of integrity observed by the majority of civilized mankind. It might, perhaps, be difficult to find an undergraduate who would willingly admit the existence of such differences, although possibly scrutiny of his own actions might reveal an unconscious adoption on his part of a standard of honesty not in harmony with that of the world outside the college walls. In the majority of cases this action is not the result of a plain attempt at deceit, but is merely the outcome of a lack of clear vision. As Dean Briggs has recently said in his interesting article on College Honor, what the average undergraduate lacks "is not principle, but experience and readjustment. This is the lack in the average undergraduate. It is only a highly exceptional student who speaks frankly to all (college officers included) of the lies he has told in tight places, and who seems never to question an implied premise that in tight places all men lie."

Further, there prevails among many college men a certain degree of irresponsibility which at times would be ludicrous were it not for the damage frequently resulting to the men themselves and to the community in which they dwell. There is a seeming lack of appreciation of any need for responsibility on their part; a lack which shows itself not alone in money matters but in all that pertains to college life. Many times there has been a lack of proper moral training, with a complete overlooking of the fact that it is an essential part of a man's education that the moral as well as the mental and physical sides of his nature should be properly cultivated. A man to be capable of taking a position of responsibility in the world must be well rounded; he must be developed symmetrically. Moral, mental and physical development should go together, and it is the primary object of education so to develop a man that he will be mentally, physically and morally strong. One's moral development, however, cannot be attained by the study of textbooks. It is the result, rather, of personal effort based on a true recognition of one's personal responsibility as a *free* moral agent. We are indeed free, and it is a part of our education so to train ourselves that our freedom shall not lead us astray. Conscience generally asserts itself and points out for us the right direction, but we frequently persuade ourselves into fancying we are asserting our freedom when we neglect its warnings.

In reality, however, we are merely demonstrating our weakness and our lack of proper moral education. We abuse our freedom through inefficient training of the sense of personal responsibility.

We are responsible not alone for ourselves and our own actions, but also in some degree for our neighbors and their actions. No man lives in so narrow a groove that he does not, directly or indirectly, influence others. His example contributes somewhat toward determining his neighbor's thoughts and actions, and hence his responsibility is apt to be far-reaching. Nowhere is this personal influence, with its far-reaching possibilities, more manifest than in a college community of young men, and nowhere is there a better

opportunity for the young man to train himself to the rightful appreciation of his personal responsibility than in college.

How often do we hear the phrase, "I didn't know," or "I couldn't help it," or "I didn't think I was so late," or some similar phrase that implies a sort of tardy appreciation of the fact that things are not quite what they should be, coupled with a distinct disinclination to assume any responsibility for the fact. This is such a common attitude that we do not have to look far to find many other illustrations and examples of this lack of personal responsibility. We might give it another name and call it carelessness or heedlessness or indifference, but it is simply the lack of personal responsibility.

Now this may seem a little thing, but such is not the case. Nothing is little that dominates or determines the lines of a man's life. Many a life has been wrecked, many a fine career has been blasted, many an ambitious beginning has come to naught simply from a lack of appreciation of the man's own responsibility for things. It is our business to think; it is our business to know; it is our duty to keep our engagements, to be on time at an appointment, remembering that our delay may cause loss of time to many others. What right has any individual, after having made an appointment for a certain hour, to be ten minutes late? You say it is only ten minutes, but that ten minutes' delay may have kept half a dozen other people waiting. Further, that tardiness may be the outward manifestation of constitutional lack of personal responsibility. It counts against a man in the long run, and the business man who is always late, who never comes to time, is a man to be shunned in important matters. You can't trust him in an emergency; he is not to be depended upon; his sense of personal responsibility in small things is atrophied or was never developed.

Cardinal Duties of the College Man

As a prominent business man said to me once, speaking of a young college graduate whom he had just engaged to fill a position of some responsibility in his office: "I have no use for that man. Why, the first time I made an appointment for him to meet one of our customers he was half an hour late. I can't have such a man in my office." Yet that offender, whom I knew personally while he was in college, was a bright student, of keen intellect, but he was constitutionally averse to being on time. In other words, he had no sense of personal responsibility in small matters, and it was the one thing that stood between him and success in his after life. In the world promptitude counts for a great deal, since it is the outward expression of a sense of personal responsibility, and when it is lacking there are depths of uncertainty which cannot easily be fathomed.

It is time for the college student to realize that makeshifts and excuses count for no more in the college world than they do in the world outside. It is a man's duty to attend to his daily exercises and do his daily work; it is his duty to accept the same degree of responsibility for his deeds or misdeeds as does the man in the outside world with his pressure of business engagements and duties. It is puerile to attempt excuses that are half imaginary or which carry with them a tinge of deceit. To every college officer there is more than a touch of realism in the following quotation from Dean Briggs' article on College Honor: "Able-bodied youths are afflicted with diseases that admit all pleasures and forbid all duties, and if questioned closely are offended because their word is not accepted promptly and in full, even when it is obviously of little worth. The dissipation of a night brings the headache of a morning; and the student excuses himself as too sick for college work. On the day before a ball, and on the day after it, a severe cold prevents a student from attendance at college exercises; but he goes to the ball. Many undergraduates treat their academic engagements in a way that would lose them positions at any business house inside of a week; yet no remorse affects their appetites or their sleep. In this world, by the way, it is not the just who sleep; it is the irresponsible." Surely it is the manly part, for a young man inside college walls, to assume his responsibility as a man, and not to pursue a method of evasion that in the world at large would receive scant courtesy.

The second aspect of this question relates to our responsibility with reference to our neighbors. No man has a right to live a purely selfish life. We live in communities, and every man is a contributor, whether he will or not, to the community in which he dwells. As Cardinal Newman has said: "When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn from one another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting day by day."

We must therefore consider our actions not only as they affect ourselves but also with reference to their influence on other people. Our influence should count for good, and it is a part of our responsibility in life to see that no action of ours shall affect other people injuriously, or incite them to wrong-doing. More than this, it is our duty to consider the possible effect of this or that action upon our neighbors who, relying upon our judgment, may be inclined thoughtlessly to follow our example. In other words, we all owe a duty to the college community in which we live, to help so far as we are able, by our deeds and by our example, in the maintenance of high moral standards. This is one of our responsibilities in life, and it cannot be thrown to one side or disregarded. It is part of our education so to train ourselves that our influence shall always count for good, in small things as well as in great. So shall we become useful and valuable members of the community, contributing in no small measure to its moral development and growth, while at the same time adding to our own strength and usefulness.

Personal Popularity and its Responsibilities

In a large college community this phase of personal responsibility is especially conspicuous. Large bodies of men are easily influenced by leaders in whom they have confidence, and it is a laudable ambition for a young man to seek for that degree of personal popularity which shall at least lead to due respect for his opinions. But when a man is placed somewhat above his fellows by popular acclaim, his responsibility is correspondingly increased. It is no light matter for a man to fill such a position with satisfaction to his own conscience. He must be ready to accept the trust, even though it be personally disadvantageous, for the sake of the public good. He must frequently subordinate his own convenience and desires for the sake of good to the community. As has been said by another, a leader among men must cease to appeal exclusively to self-interest, either in his own judgment or in the judgment of others. He must subordinate personal convenience to collective honor. He must manifest by his actions his belief in the broad principles of public opinion and public morality. As a leader among his fellows, he must manifest his responsibility by recognizing fixed standards of right, and by exerting his influence to have such standards adopted. In this way a man's leadership among his fellows will count for good, and he himself will have the consciousness of a duty well fulfilled.

Our personal responsibility begins with ourselves, but in addition it reaches out in all directions, wherever our field of usefulness extends. True morality in college life, as in the broader life of the outside world, implies self-government and a ready response to the calls of our neighbors.

The College and the World-Life

By Charles F. Thwing

President Western Reserve University, Cleveland

UNITY, vastness, efficiency are the elements of the life of the modern world. All the forces of humanity, like the forces of Nature, have become more closely joined. These forces, too, have taken on a size and relations which are of mighty value and significance. From the individual to the partnership, from the partnership to the corporation, from the single corporation to the consolidation of corporations—important steps themselves in the industrial and commercial movements—represents the whole process of human development. But these forces are, moreover, forceful. Their vastness does not lessen their efficiency. This unit of the world does more, thousandfold more, with its colossal powers than the world has ever done.

But the development already made is only an earnest of the development yet to be made. Forces human, social, sociological; forces natural, physical, chemical, electrical, are still to be discovered, applied and related. In this development the modern college is to bear a most important part, as in the growth of the past it has fulfilled significant functions.

The relation of the college to the world-life will take on at least two relations: the discovery of truth, the training of the individual man.

The college laboratory and the college library represent the conditions and the means for the finding and the publishing of truth. The great facts which have revolutionized the modern world are largely the products of the work of the laboratory. The telephone is based on the discoveries made by Helmholtz. The telegraph, so far as Morse was concerned with it, is closely related to a laboratory of Yale College.

But the work of the college in training men to take part in the world-life is even more significant. This world-life, so compact, so great and so forceful, demands the mind which can see, appreciate, judge and infer. It demands the power *to think*. The power to think is the supreme and superb intellectual creation of the college. No other intellectual advantage belonging to the college is for one moment to be compared with this consummate result. The stores of knowledge and the graces of culture are as nothing. "What do you feel that your employees lack the most?" asked the writer of the head of a great trust. "Brains," was the forceful and immediate response. Brains—the power to reason—is the constant and insistent call. Such power the college, through the discipline of the classroom, through the quiet meditation of the student, through the struggles of the athletic field and the literary society and debating club, is designed to give and does give. The college man is the thinker, large, accurate and sane.

How Character Makes Character

But, further, toward the development of this world-life the college contributes the man of large and fine character. The world-life needs, possibly rather needs than wishes, the man of this type. Without noble personalities the world-life would become degraded into the condition of the Brute wherein physical strength and deceit rule. Personalities fine without femininity, strong without severity, alert without nervousness, progresive without rashness, conservative without dullness, in whom warmth of heart is properly united with cleverness of intellectual vision and with vigor of will—personalities of this sort the college is training and offering to the service of the world-life. Such personalities are fostered by the historic associations of these academic foundations, by the intellectual disciplines and, above all else, by the character and life of the teachers themselves. In particular is the value of character as a means of making character to be emphasized. To name those who are no longer here, one can say that Walker at Harvard, Woolsey at Yale, Seelye at Amherst, Hopkins at Williams, made great character through their own great character.

It is also to be said that men of thought and men of character, sons of the American college, are eager to put and to keep themselves in close touch with the world-life. The college is no longer a cloister. The great world-life beats in over the college walls and moves strong and swift along the academic paths; the college life in turn beats out over those same walls and mingles with the life of the brothers of the common lot. The "gown" no longer lifts itself from touching the "town," and the "town" has ceased to contemn or to ridicule the collegian. The life of the two is one life. Through such unity the college is made more human, and the world-life, let it be hoped, is made larger, nobler, richer.

In the community of relationship between the college and the world emerges at the present time a single peril to which we ought to allude: it is the peril of the willingness of the college man to enter the great world-life without adequate preparation, and the peril of the willingness of the world to receive the college man without his possessing sufficient training and ample equipment. The demands of American life are so imperative and the rewards for proper participation in it so rich that the college man is in danger of entering the lists unfit and unfitted. He is liable to take the "short cut." For certain men the three-year course is better than the more regular term of four years. Certain it is that the right to earn a college degree in three years should be given in the better (not in the weaker) American college. But it is to be emphasized that in general one takes out of college, as out of life, what one puts into it: little, little—much, much. For most men it is well, well for the men themselves and well for American society, to take all the time necessary for receiving the noblest enrichment which the college can offer. For *most* men and in *most* colleges the four-year course is none too long.

But, aside from all details, every one can rejoice that the American college is ministering to the ennoblement of American society and of the whole world by methods so wise, through personalities so great, and with results so magnificent. May its power become greater and its opportunity more ample!

The Romance of Thomas Skilhew—By Chester Bailey Fernald

WHICH SETS FORTH WHAT MAY BECOME OF A MAN WHO IS THOUGHTLESS ENOUGH TO ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE PERSUADED INTO NINE SEPARATE ENGAGEMENTS OF MARRIAGE FOR THE SAME EVENING

SOME MEN WOULD HAVE DROWNED THEMSELVES

THE warm sun glinting through the leaves of spring, the breath of perfumed air, the invitation of the deep green grass—they have brought me again to Thomas Skilhew.

If he had been born three centuries ago, and wielded a bloody sword to the end of forty chapters, I should have written his history in blank verse and printed it as prose, and hundreds of thousands of copies would have been read, and Skilhew's name have been a shining mark in the literature of the minute. But General Tommy Skilhew lives in our own times, and is the inventor of The Skilhew Hair Restorer, which contains no injurious ingredients whatever, and is entirely a vegetable compound, and which, if you can follow the directions on the bottle, is absolutely guaranteed. He stands among that brilliant galaxy of Americans who began life with nothing, yet, by sheer force of character, achieved the highest pinnacle on their chosen sphere. I do not ask you to contemplate him as he was thirty years ago, a fatherless, motherless boy, with only one suspender-button—the homely detail stands for the insufficiency of all he called his own; but think of him rather some two decades later, in a blue, double-breasted, pearl-buttoned waistcoat and pink silk spats, sitting in his office in lower Tottenham Court Road, sole proprietor of the above sovereign remedy, a man of note and a benefactor of his race.

Then remember that on a certain day of his youth, when he found himself an orphan, and now balanced himself on a one-legged stool, surveying the little that belonged to him, he allowed himself to see clearly that Providence had laid upon him the disagreeable task of living by his own exertions. Some men would have drowned themselves, for this was near the Penobscot River, in our own Maine; but Thomas Skilhew was not of their breed. He made a rapid calculation of his assets: two dozen empty ginger-pop bottles, a bushel of carrots, and, negatively, two full-grown sisters who sat looking expectantly at him from a chopping-block. Then, turning to the household possessions which lay smothered under his late parent's promissory notes, he revolved upon how much of these might be moved away in a wagon, disregarding the promissory notes and the law. But he had no wagon, and he knew that he could not easily borrow one, for he was well acquainted with every one in the country round; and he decided that it would not be honest to disregard the law. He might have decided otherwise; under the pressure of bitter circumstances he might have embarked then and there on a career of sharp practice and chicanery, and his story would not have been one to buy for a birthday present. But he was Thomas Skilhew.

Down the backs of the two sisters, even to the ground, hung falls of the most marvelously beautiful chestnut hair—long enough and dense enough to hide in. Presently the eyes of Thomas Skilhew touched upon this hair, fastened upon it and clung there, just as certain chips and twigs did when now the sisters rose and yawned the yawn of hunger. And, as they yawned, Thomas Skilhew, out of the silence, spoke; and in what he said to them lay the key to all his future fortunes. You think, perhaps, that he is going to whine and ask the sacrifice that they lay their heads upon the chopping-block and part with this natural wealth of theirs to furnish him with capital. But no. What he said was:

"Gwint' the house 'n' bile a peck a carrots."

Fateful words, uttered so long ago! If you don't think so, if you find them commonplace and even vulgar, you are just the person who, if they were uttered in another dialect, on an equally poor diet, by an equally humble youth, and then imported from Scotland, would weep over them ridiculously. Thomas Skilhew said these words, and then he went to work; and by noon he had filled the two dozen ginger-pop bottles with an admixture of the following: water, soap, carrot-juice, and a certain fourth ingredient. This is a love story, not a pharmaceutical treatise; but I should like to say that the fourth ingredient was not quinine in any form, nor petroleum, nor any substance contained in the hackneyed compounds on the market; though if I said what it was you might not be able to supply it in bulk enough to affect the trade; for it was an idea that had come to Thomas Skilhew in a dream, as he was balancing himself on the one-legged stool.

And that afternoon, when Thomas had caused his sisters to comb their hair with as much care as if they were going to die, he slung the twenty-four corked and faintly pink-colored bottles in a bag over his back, and taking the two fair companions of his fate bade good-by to the old homestead, with its mortgage and its promissory notes, forever. Hand in hand they walked, our Thomas in the middle. The winds of autumn were sweeping the leaves from the trees; the road wound down and through the marsh where the tree-toads sang in the willows; behind them was the open door of the home they should never see again; and an owl, I think, mistaking the bright sunlight for the moon, hooted dismally in their track. They are gone—gone forever from the haunts of their childhood; but, instead of snuffling about it, why not remember this: that T. Skilhew had already distinguished himself for (1) respect for the law, and (2) ability to lay hold of circumstances as he found them, viz.: carrots, ginger-pop bottles, etc., and to create something out of what might seem to you and me to be nothing.

They arrived at a considerable town, where Thomas was a stranger; and there he hired, for finishing his journey, two horses and a carryall. He had no money, but he pledged himself to pay three dollars a day for the use of the rig when he returned. You see he could take the Great Risk. Just as Washington took it, just as Grant took it, just as many a man has taken it when he has had no other choice, so did Skilhew take the Great Risk—in Skilhew's case the risk that the liveryman would never receive his money. And Skilhew drove out of town, and picked up his two sisters, who had put on their shoes. And the next morning beheld them at the Penobscot County Fair.

COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THAT THE CHARMING OLD PERSON WAS REAL

There was an enormous crowd. The sisters sat in the rear seat of the carryall, with their extraordinary hair streaming down past the axles; and Mr. Skilhew stood on the front seat with a wooden rattle in his hand. He kept interrupting the rattle to ask in a loud voice the same question which the crowd was asking of itself: how did those two girls acquire such wonderful locks? He put himself in touch with the public, you see—voiced their cry; and in the next breath said something that seemed to answer their question, holding a pink bottle over his head. He said that if you used the remedy regularly for a week, brushing four times daily, then examined the results with the aid of a friend, you would already see the new growth cropping forth like fresh green grass; unless you were entirely and habitually bald, in which case you had better buy four bottles, as there would not be another fair until next autumn. Then out of the great concourse, attracted by the rattle, and fascinated by the sisters, and convinced by the natural, winning manner of the orator, began the procession of those whom Heaven has ever appointed to support such qualities as Thomas Skilhew possessed. In an hour he drove out of the fair-grounds a sorrowful man; for he had sold all the bottles and could not possibly provide more before the morrow; and I regret to say that some person had given Miss Skilhew a bad half-dollar.

That was the foundation of Skilhew's career. In a week the county fair went home, but filled with hope, so far as baldness was concerned. And in a week Thomas Skilhew did a thing to which I call especial attention, because it was characteristic of the man, and because it is worthy of emulation. It was this: although it lay quite out of Skilhew's path, he took back the carryall and paid the liveryman every cent of his three dollars a day.

Thereafter it was as nothing for Thomas Skilhew to appear with his Two Sisters in Southampton, England, and begin selling the Restorer like a good Samaritan from over the sea. He was among the first of the conquering Americans, and he never forgot the old flag; he used to wrap up every bottle in a paper "stars and stripes." Those were the good old times when you could get the Remedy for two shillings. But the price rose when, a few weeks later, the Reverend Thomas Skilhew and his Three Sisters drove into Salisbury in a wagon painted carmine drawn by cream-colored ponies. I should like to forestall a misunderstanding which may arise here. Do not think that Skilhew had disquieted his conscience in drawing rather heavily on the words "Reverend" and "Sister." It was merely his way of inspiring public confidence. If you know human nature, and Skilhew did, you know that you cannot persuade even an idiot to come in out of the rain unless he has faith that he will be dry under a roof; and it is good for the idiot to come in out of the rain; and it does no harm to you. By the title and the sister the public faith and hope were increased, more Restorer sold, and the bowl of this story made stronger.

And when Captain Skilhew appeared in Bristol with the Four Sisters and took up quarters in a temporarily vacant shop, just the raising of the price to four shillings a bottle, with a handsome label, hoisted him greatly in the esteem of our English cousins, who are

but little less human than us. Three of the Sisters sat in the show-window and combed their hair in sections as long as they could reach, all day, while a great throng pressed against the glass, and Number Four, over the counter, sold the Restorer, as well as other articles you begin to think of with returning hair. I am sure your sympathies are not with the wig-maker, gnashing his teeth across the way. It was a pretty sight, Mary and Martha and Marguerite shaking out the shining strands like living waterfalls. But it paled before what you might have seen later at Leeds, when Colonel Skilhew brought the Five Sisters there, and had four of them in the window on Saturday nights, with fine electric-light display, at six shillings the bottle. And when Commodore Skilhew came to Manchester and opened with the Six Sisters there, you could pay half a sovereign or go bald. The history of General Skilhew and the Skilhew Sisters as a concern, from then until you see him years after in Tottenham Court Road, London, becomes a tale of monotonous success.

So much for the General. Now, the two original sisters had long since married into short-haired families, thus forfeiting their share in his fortunes. Of other ladies who passed through Skilhew's window, so to speak, in the farther years, twenty romances might be written. Mortality, matrimony, the stage, fits of temper, overcombing, and a dozen other ills were always hovering just beyond the panes. It may dawn on you that, if it is exceedingly difficult to assemble nine youngish ladies each with hair reaching to the floor, it is also exceedingly difficult to hold them together. The General held them together, but he believed that nine was a lucky number to stop at. Through his trying-out process the attributes which grew to distinguish all the Nine Sisters and which held them close to him were these: an affection for General Tommy—he was so funny to listen to—and a hope for a half-share in the business and a whole share in Tommy some day. He encouraged the idea in each of the nine bosoms that he would some day be its. For although he knew he could not marry all of them, he modestly felt that the pleasure of expectation of a marriage with him was many times as great as the realization could be; and he could not see his way to kill so many units of happy anticipation for the sake of one unit of realization. It would have broken up the business.

Traveling about with nine ladies for a term of years has different effects upon different men. Some men take to drink, some go insane, others commit suicide. But all it had yet done to Skilhew was to make him grow bald and cause him to spend a good deal of money in the counter-irritant of stock-gambling. So that only the keenest eye could detect any results; for he wore a wig—which to some men has the advantage that your barber may do justice to your hair without violence to your dignity; and he made quite as much money on Tottenham Court Road as he lost in the city. But in London he did begin to discover that he was getting worn. It came to him in a moment of pecuniary anxiety, after a bad week with the brokers; and it came to him through a woman. She was Miss Minerva Grymes, who filled the place of a lady who had reverted to the circus, after a scene with the General in which she had given him up. Minerva was an American; she had come at a time when the General needed her much, and she had not come easily; for she was secretly forty years old, and hope was rather languished within her. The General had nearly said the very word "marry" to her, which would have been on his mind. But when she did come it was seen that she had come to stay. She was very tall and broad, and she had the longest hair the General had ever seen. She gave him joy at first; then she began to give him food for thought—food which began to keep him awake nights. For Miss Grymes, with an acuter grasp than the other ladies had taken of the possibilities behind the London show-window, at length began leverage upon him with the covert intimation that, if he was trifling with her growing affection for him, she could "call out" the other eight Sisters, empty the window, and hold up the business for a ruinous length of readjustment. And growing out of her manner of proprietorship over Tommy, which she assumed toward the other eight, they, too, commenced an atmospheric pressure upon him which made him feel old.

To meet this, General Skilhew decided to convert the business into an industrial. Such a conversion is accomplished by incorporating yourself and issuing a prospectus. The public buys you in shares and becomes owner of your business, paying you, out of every hundred pounds per share, say thirty pounds for the value of the business, and seventy pounds for the privilege of discovering what that value is. The stock is perhaps then listed on the market, and you travel self-consciously about Europe until such time as, if you choose, you may return and buy back the business at thirty pounds per share. The process relieves you of much anxiety; but of course it is not always easy to make an industrial, else every organ-grinder would divide himself into shares, and cease to worry about his monkey. You must find your public. General Skilhew started out to find his public, and it was about that same moment that Miss Minerva Grymes started out, as it were, to find the General; and if she found him wanting, she believed that she could in an hour's talk bring the lightning down out of the clouds that were gathering on eight other brows. The General believed so, too; and he felt that his industrial must come to a start before her abeyance should come to an end. If any two of their nine lovely secret bubbles should go bursting together, he shuddered to think of the results.

General Skilhew found a dear old Mr. Snow, who had a good deal of capital hitherto resting in safe, but little remunerative, consols. That Mr. Snow had reached his rich and ripe old age without meeting some other clever man like Skilhew was something the General himself could not explain. He could hardly believe that the charming old person was real until the good sum which Mr. Snow paid for an option on the purchase of the entire business was in the General's hands. Mr. Snow confided with a benevolent smile that he thought he would take up the concern on behalf of his nephew, a fine young fellow who lived in America. And for the first few days Mr. Snow spent a good many hours in the shop, admiring the ladies in the window, and watching the cash-register, and verifying the books. He was very affable to the Sisters, but he disquieted them. They threw out invitations to the General to explain, but he was engrossed in his work. Minerva asked him a pointblank question, but he affected not to hear her; one has to use so much tact in

"'NERVY, DEAR, . . . IT'S PRETTY RAW OUTSIDE. COULDN'T I TAKE MY WIG?"

business relations with ladies. It was the evening of the fourth day since the option had begun to run, and the outlook was seemingly favorable, when Minerva intercepted the General in the corridor of their hotel, and kindly drew him into the reception-room. She looked down from her splendid height, and laid her big hand on Skilhew's shoulder, saying, with eyes that were not quite mates, yet glowed with affection for him:

"Tommy, tell me something: when you was talking me into this show, did you mean marrying, or was it all bluff?"

The General considered this speech unmaidenly, but he was too much of a gentleman to say so. He balanced his rather prominent avoirdupois, and stared reflectively under her elbow. There was a slight contraction of her strong eyebrows under the great turban-like rolls of her hair. There was antagonism in the air, for he was wearing lavender and she was wearing musk.

"If it was only bluff, Tommy," said Miss Grymes firmly, "why, I'll tell you you stand to lose. If it ain't," she said with a mixture of frown and kittenish smile, and a push of the shoulder, "why, I want it to happen—soon. D'ye see, dear?"

"'Nervy, my plum," said the General with a careful eye on the corridor, "only to-day I was thinking about that. I was thinking that if you didn't speak pretty soon I should get courage to open the subject myself. And I——"

Then two other of the Sisters came through the door and looked at them horridly. But the General went to his room with forebodings that smelled strongly of musk; and before the evening was far advanced he had received eight notes, of various perfumes, each requesting a private interview with him at the earliest possible moment. Suppose they all kicked over the traces, and it dawned upon Mr. Snow how difficult it would be to fill their places! At that moment the loss of a day's business would be a serious matter, even without respect to the project in hand; for there were a number of maturing bills, and the money the General had received for the option had already gravitated to the city. He felt that the ladies were taking, or were about to take, an unfair advantage of him; but he would not allow himself to be unpleasant. He sat down to his little typewriter and wrote the following:

> *My Peach:* I'm slipping this into your salary envelop to-morrow. I want to say that I don't feel like waiting much longer for your and my little trip to Paris. I expect to sell out the business to old Snow in a few days more. So you play up to him; and don't forget that little story about the old homestead back in Maine, and nine of you girls around mother's death-bed. When the deal is over I'll have *something important to say to you.* So keep mum, my cherub, and, so as to avoid friction—for you know how the other girls are—why, only answer by correspondence.
>
> As ever, yours on the Q. T., TOMMY.

As he read it over he thought how much this would please Minerva; but he also thought how much it would enrage the other eight Sisters if they should ever learn of it. So he made eight more copies of the letter and addressed one to each of them. He couldn't bear to make any one unhappy.

You would have enjoyed the atmosphere of the shop the next morning; it was a day of smiles and merry quips and general good feeling, for every lady believed that each of the other eight had a period of extreme wretchedness close in her future. Before noon nine ticklish little dabs had found their hidden, telegraphic way to General Skilhew's side, and nine hundred warming glances kept dancing about his head like an aureole, and he was very happy, because—and that is the whole secret of happiness—he had made others happy. The day passed on oiled wheels, until, just before closing, Minerva exploded a remark which acted nearly like a rainmaker's bomb. She said over her shoulder from the window, as a small boy stood outside making a rather good imitation of the slight discrepancy between her two eyes:

"I'll have a bouncer out there when my time comes."

The other eight suppressed gasps. They looked about the shop. The General was gone. He had a note from Mr. Snow, inviting him to dinner. The nephew had arrived unexpectedly from America on this fifth day of the option.

The nephew affected to dress very quietly and to speak without any commonplaces in his grammar, which is generally a sign of lack of sympathy with the public; and Skilhew was a brother to the great public, and resented the nephew's manner, but only inwardly. He answered all the nephew's questions except that about the fourth ingredient, which the nephew had as yet, of course, no right to ask. The nephew acknowledged that the Nine Sisters were a remarkably telling coincidence, and that he had been greatly impressed with the amount of business done. They parted, with Skilhew assuring himself that, if the girls only stood firm, no one could deny the argument of the cash-register. He came home and found nine letters waiting. Except, naturally, that Minerva's exhibited a trifle more confidence than the rest, there was little difference between the tenor of the other eight and that of Paprika, the almost scarlet-haired, a very remarkable one of the fold, whose reply ran:

> *My Dear Tommy-Boy:* I accept your offer of marrying me, and thank you kindly. But what's Miss Grymes mean by when her time comes? Set the date and set it near, for I've stood a good deal these three years, and I may blow up at any minute if I get laughed at. Don't think I'm mad, my dear husband, but don't run any foolishness on me neither.
>
> Your ownest, PAPRIKA.

The General at once saw sympathetically to what painful doubt Minerva had put the rest by her indiscretion; and he hastened to make nine copies of the following:

> *My Handsome:* Why, set the date yourself, and set it close! The joke will be on the other eight. Oh, my! But don't let on to *them.* You know how jealous they all are of your looks, and you've got the finest head of hair in the world. Answer my note to-morrow. Yours always on the Q. T., TOMMY.

All the next morning, which was the sixth day of the option, the nephew set about chatting with the ladies, one by one.

They were in a quiet, though deeply contented state, and all were very polite to one another, though reserved. The nephew seemed to have no more questions to ask of the General; and what he said to the ladies, as far as Skilhew could overhear, was more in the way of innocuous flirtation than otherwise. If there was something in the nephew's manner that made each Sister strive to put all her refinement into her show-window, so to speak, still they seemed to like him; in fact, everybody seemed to like everybody else, and it looked as if the industrial, as a close corporation, would surely be launched on the morrow, leaving the General only the question of some agreeable compromise with the ladies in the matter of their affections. The nine notes he read in his room that evening were fairly represented by that from Golden Angeline, the yellow-haired Sister, who had once taught school, and who now always combed when the sun shone on the Skilhew side of the street. She wrote:

My own Tommy: You told me to choose the day, and so I choose to-morrow night. I don't care if it is Friday, I want to get you off my mind. It is hard to believe that you and I will be so happy as we will to-morrow. I'm waiting lonely in my room for your answer. If you are deceiving me, Tommy, I will pay you up some way; but if not, I will always be your loving wife, ANGIE.

They all chose Friday night, each with her lingering doubt. Perhaps the General had not shown so much eagerness to seal his proposal in some chance corner as his fiancées, absorbed in the One Consideration, would have liked. But the option was going to expire on the morrow, while the Sisters would keep; and the General took things in their proper order. For the Sisters he contented himself, for the present, with hastily dashing the following, with eight carbon copies:

My Sweet: Rushed. Make it any time after ten Fri. night. I get special license; you find preacher. When you've found preach., hold on and send word.
On the Q., T. S.

And on the next day, the last day of the option, so much had the politeness and reserve increased among the ladies, and so smoothly did everything move in the store, that General Skilhew's heart went out to all of them. And he bought nine boxes of hearts made of chocolate, and pressed nine different hands covertly under the box, as he gave each to its lady. His singing of the line, "Where shall we be to-morrow?" without casting a glance at any particular person, was highly appreciated by nine ladies who showed only the edge of a smile.

The nephew did not come into the store, and this, considered the General, was a good omen. There was nothing more to learn about the business, and Mr. Snow was probably arranging his funds. The terms of the option required that the transfer be confirmed in writing, and the money be paid over to the General at his hotel prior to ten o'clock that night. Favorable as it looked, of course no one could pass the intervening hours without anxiety. There was still nothing from Mr. Snow at closing time when all the Sisters hurried away with unusual celerity, showing a desire to avoid each other. Skilhew had his dinner brought to his room. All the ladies appeared to be dining out, or not to be dining at all. He could not eat very much; he had smoked too many cigars. He paced the room. Eight o'clock finally came and passed, the minutes dragging by. At a quarter to nine his heart jumped at the receipt of a letter; but it was only from the brunette, Susan Potts, or Blackie, as the General affectionately called her. She was, perhaps, the handsomest of the nine when she was made up for strong evening lights. Her missive ran:

It is 201 Upper Baker Street; Minister's family will witness at ten minutes past ten. Can't you invite the other girls, or, anyway, that old fool Miss Grymes? If you don't turn up prompt, Tommy, you had better go out of the Restorer business. But that's only a joke.
Your loving wife to be, BLACKIE.

At three minutes to nine his heart leaped again. But the second letter was only this:

I've nailed the preach. But, Tommy, I saw a black cat cross between me and him the minute he said he would marry us. I ain't superstitious, but that is a bad sign. I guess you would rather pay for a wedding to-night than a new plate-glass front to-morrow, so guess you will arrive on time, and ring top bell, address below, to claim your treasure.
JANE HANDS.

Up to twenty minutes to ten his heart had curveted five times more: notes from Paprika, Golden Angeline, Fatanitza Smith, big Annie Dow, and little Mousie Jones, in similar terms, from various parts of London. But there was nothing yet from Mr. Snow. At ten minutes to ten the General nervously opened the door to the following:

Had to give it up in town. Everybody seems to be marrying down there to-night. Come to 41 King's Road, Ealing, and bring any of the girls that will come. I trust you so much, Tommy, that I ordered a lot of things to-day in your name, so hope you won't disappoint. Your affectionate, LUCIE.

P. S.—I see one of my shoes don't match. Could you buy me a pair on the way? You know my size is same as yours. My dearest Tommy!
LUCIE JOHNSON.

And then, in a large, clear hand, this:

Tommy: That kind of a marriage don't go in this country. You must of known we've got to publish the bans. I'm here right under your room, street front, ground floor, at a notary's place. He's got papers fixed that will tie you up all right till we can draw breath and arrange my wedding the way I want. I'll *wait* for you here till 10:20. Then I'll *come* for you.
MINERVA GRYMES.

And still nothing from Mr. Snow. The General hove a troubled sigh and twiddled his diamond studs. Then he heard the neighboring church bell tolling ten. The option had lapsed, and either he was in a position to raise terms, in case there had been some accidental delay, or else everything was up. Minerva would be at the door in twenty minutes. The General mopped his brow. He made inquiries through the hall speaking-tube to the hotel office, directed that a telephone message in mystic terms be sent to Mr. Snow; hurried back to his room; then, without pausing to correct errors, he absently clicked off nine copies of the following, and dispatched them to the Nine Sisters at their nine parts of town:

Wait, wait, my angel! I'm a-coming!
Your everlasting, TOMMY.

It was 10:15 and the sending of this had not reassured him about Minerva, as he had hoped it would. He started at the sound of footsteps along the hall; he did not want to see her until he had time for thought. It was a messenger-boy with the letter from Mr. Snow. The General tipped the boy heavily for the pleasure of reading at last:

Sir: On behalf of my uncle, allow me to say that I have had your Restorer analyzed and have myself made some analysis of your Nine Sisters. The fourth ingredient contained in your Restorer is what I call Monumental Effrontery, or what in your jargon would probably be expressed by NERVE, BLUFF, BRASS. And your reason for disposing of a hitherto profitable business is *that every one of your alleged Sisters is going to be married within a short time.* You see, they couldn't keep *that* secret, Mr. Skilhew. Our charge against you will be based on the fourth ingredient—false pretenses. You may choose between returning the option money before ten to-morrow or a summons for fraud.

With this cruel document in his hand General Skilhew looked at his watch. It was eighteen minutes past the hour: Minerva might appear at any moment. Staggered under the imputation against his honor, the General was in no mood for an interview with a woman about the affairs of her heart. He cast a glance over the long years of his enterprise and industry, then cast a glance around the room. He tore open his drawer and took out his revolver and a photograph of the Nine Sisters, which latter he placed against his bosom. Then he turned out his light, locked his door, and without a word to any one stole softly down the rear stairs, left the hotel by way of the billiard-room, and hurried away into the waiting night.

Minerva, when she found that neither the General nor any of the Sisters were in the house, took her last short note from him and rubbed her finger over the printed lines. Yes, she had been a typist in her time, and this was a carbon copy. She took her post at the head of the stairs. In the three hours that followed, the future and the opportunity had tranquilly cleared themselves before her. At one o'clock Paprika, hastening up the stairs with angry breath and fiery eyes, encountered the great figure of Miss Grymes looking down upon her in a calm superiority from which Paprika was never afterward to escape.

"If you want an answer to what's worrying you," said Minerva, "wait in my room."

"I don't see what you've got to do with my affairs," frowned Paprika, not looking up from the hall carpet.

"If you don't want to know why it didn't happen," said Minerva quietly, "you needn't come."

One by one six others mounted the stairs, each with an expression beneath the heavy coils of her hair that no amount of rabbit's foot could soften. One by one they encountered Minerva, and flared futilely at the implication in her greeting; and one by one they retired undeviatingly to their separate rooms. But when, at two o'clock, Tommy's own Lucie arrived from Ealing, her cheeks in little red runnels of tears, she and Minerva found the other seven waiting in Minerva's room in silent and sullen expectancy. Then, as Minerva closed the door, one by one they felt and quailed before her eyes.

"I am the only one of the Nine," said Minerva slowly—and the mention of the notary was superfluous to the impression she knew she was creating upon them—"who has not spent the evening at some minister's house, waiting for Tommy to come and marry her. You eight need a business woman to manage your affairs."

So they held another meeting the next morning, under the gavel of Miss Grymes, to consider nine copies of the following:

Dear Old Patient Girl: I was quite sorry about last night. But circumstances beyond my control have compelled me to commit suicide for a few weeks. I was heard to shoot myself and fall into the river early this morning at the point near the Charing Cross R. R. bridge, where my wig and overcoat will be found, I hope, by the police. I have left the winding up of the bus. in London to whom it may concern, as the most convenient. If you notice the other girls getting letters too, it is to ask each one to round up in Paris Feb. 23, where I will open the finest establishment yet—trust me, my dear—under a corporation. Would you accept the position of Vice-President and Manager of the girls? I guess you'd like a daylight wedding better, anyway. What a joke on the eight! Wish you'd send me ten pounds, as I left ninety in my overcoat by mistake. Address Gen. Delivery, Paris, and I'll address you same. In Paris I shall do business in my wife's name. See?
Yours till death we parts, TOMMY.

He wondered why no one of them replied. He wrote several times to the General Delivery, Paris, and to the care of the hotel in London; but nothing came in return. He was resting quietly near Southampton, living on his diamond studs and living frugally. It was not only doubt and anxiety that oppressed him as the days passed into weeks, but loneliness—for the girls. He had never known until now how fond he was of them. He knew, as you and I know, that he had not been consistent with them; but what mortal ever was consistent in his love-affairs? If he could only see them once again, he knew just how he would lay it upon them to end this ninefold lovers' quarrel which was distracting all hearts. He would tell them how dearly he held them all, not any one above the others, because that would be impossible; and he would leave it entirely to them to decide among themselves as to what he should do.

When, at last, he got his clue to their whereabouts—through a long-delayed acknowledgment of a registered letter—he was without means to go to London, except on foot. But he remembered that he had begun his career on foot. And the next morning, in very moisty, chilly weather, in order to save the landlord of his hotel a scene which could be but painful and fruitless, he walked out of town in the snow of what was to be the memorable storm of that winter.

At the Main Post-Office, three days later, what presented itself at the delivery window under S was only the shrunken, fringy-trousered shadow of the late General Skilhew, shivering with the cold. At the window they assured him by word what they had assured him by post-card: that the mail directed to the Skilhew Sisters was regularly delivered to them by the carriers; but to what address they refused to be coaxed into saying—it was against the regulation.

The wind blew harshly through Moorgate Street. General Skilhew buttoned up his coat with two blue fingers, and pulled the knot which held the thin handkerchief about his bald and wigless head. He did not know where he was going; so he went up Cheapside, stamping the snow from his damp and blistered feet, and envying every one. He felt shamefully out of place in this dilemma, carrying the loose waistcoat of a former prosperity over the silent pockets of adversity. And once he said to himself, as the numbness rose along his wrists and ankles, he, Thomas Skilhew, had worn bright-yellow gloves and pink silk spats! And not a shop in Bond Street had made a prettier show of thriving trade than his establishment, with its ever-changing combinations of lovely Sisters combing in a row, in costumes as noticeable as anything you can play on a fife. After an hour here he was in Bond Street looking across to where a throng was blocking the pavement before some strange exhibit behind a beautiful sheet of shining glass. *That* was the way *his* shop used to draw the people! He suddenly clapped his hand to his brow; then, at the risk of his life, he rushed across the stream of carriages and hansoms to the other side of the street, and jammed his way through the press of all sorts of spectators before the window. Those who turned to look at him heard him gasp, and saw him step back and look up at the sign across the front of the building. It read, in bright, new letters:

MINERVA GRYMES, LTD.

and not the Skilhew Sisters. But there in blue plush and green plush and yellow plush, with regal trains, framed in a thousand pinkish bottles, were red Paprika, Golden Angeline and massive Minerva, combing, combing, combing, in an effulgent row. Did they not recognize him? Had he altered so much, or was it they? For they looked above him, below, around him and through him, without a change of countenance. As he gasped again, and the cold blast swept about his freezing ears, his eye fell on a barber's block, whereon, disposed at Minerva's feet, rode an object with this placard:

Wig belonging to the late Thomas Skilhew, discoverer of The Skilhew Hair Restorer. By the time he had made his wonderful discovery he himself was entirely bald, and it was TOO LATE. His wig so weighed on his mind that he committed suicide Feb. 2nd of this year. DO NOT WAIT until it is Too Late, but Inquire Within.

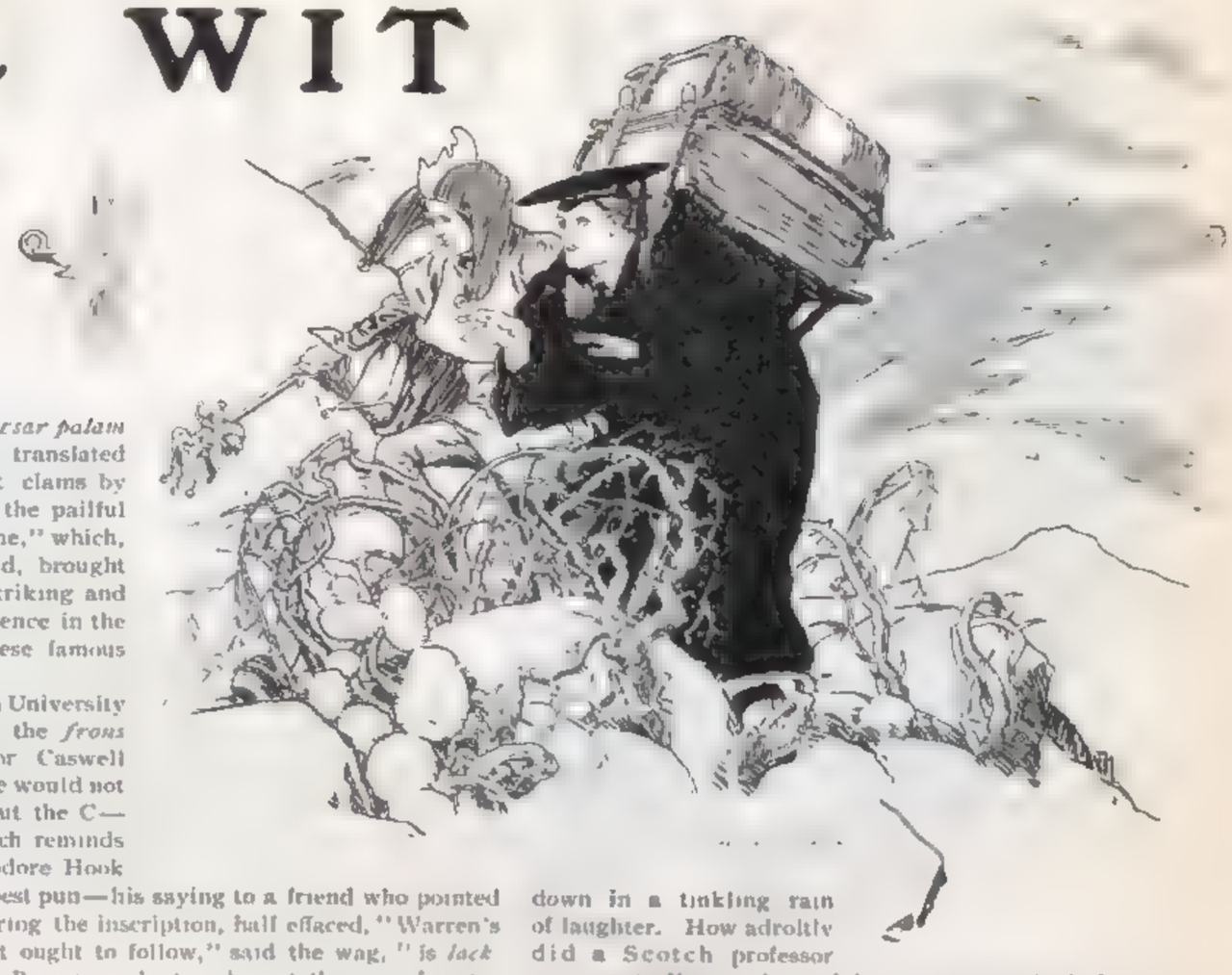
He immediately started to inquire within. At the same moment Minerva came down from the window. Sixteen

(Concluded on Page 28)

COLLEGE WIT

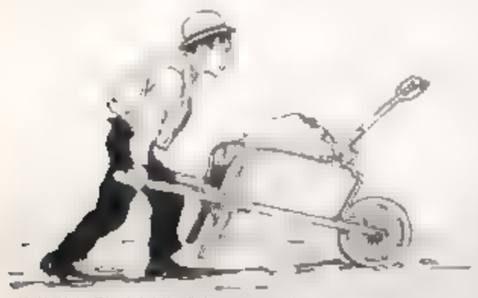
By William Mathews

A FEW OF THE BRIGHTEST SPARKS DRAWN FROM THE CONTINUAL CLASH BETWEEN PUPIL AND PRECEPTOR. SOME CLASSIC HOG LATIN



WHAT has been said of great sermons will apply to political speeches—that few of them will bear transplanting from the tropical climate of a kindled and enthusiastic audience into the frigid zone of a printed page. For this reason a shrewd preacher, who had electrified his hearers by warnings and illustrations drawn from a fearful thunder-storm that had sprung up during one of his sermons, and who was asked the next day by a committee of the society to let them publish it, refused, unless they "could print the thunder-storm along with it." It is so with college wit. Even more than that of other wit its electrical effect is so connected with the time, place and circumstances of its utterance that, divorced from them, it loses much of its pungency and force. As neither the roses plucked nor the sparkling water uncorked yesterday retain their attractions to-day, so in very many cases the aroma, the volatile essence of college wit and humor, escapes as soon as it is uttered, and only a dull residuum is left

The air and manner of a jest's utterance also heighten or lessen its effect, and they cannot be reproduced in print. Who does not know that there are witticisms the point of which lies not a little in the inflections of the jester's voice, and that in every case it is not merely with the dry jest, but with the zest also with which it is sprung upon us, that we sympathize? What Cicero said of Mark Antony is true, more or less, of all genuine wits: "*In eo facetiæ quæ nulla arte tradi possunt*"



WHERE THE EFFECT GOES BEFORE THE CAUSE

Nevertheless, there are some college *jeux-d'esprit* which time and the absence of their own sustaining atmosphere have not wholly desiccated; as, for example, the reply of a senior, whose class was studying mental philosophy, when asked: "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes, sir, sometimes." "Give an example." "A man wheeling a barrow." That student would certainly have distinguished himself at special pleading, if he had become a lawyer, who, when asked by his professor one Monday morning if he had attended church the day before, replied: "Yes, sir, I attended the First Church," and to the question, "Are you not aware, sir, that there was no service at the First Church yesterday?" replied: "I meant, Professor, the first church I came to."

The Jest Philosophical

We doubt if Tom Hood or Horace Smith, quick-witted as they were, could have made a happier reply than that made by a wit in Waterville College (now Colby), of the class of '43, to Professor Martin B. Anderson, afterward the famed President of Rochester University. One morning he read in the classroom a sparkling essay, and the Professor, knowing or suspecting it to have been cribbed from some public print, asked, as the reader sat down: "Is that essay *original*, Mr. Jones?" "Why, yes, sir," said Jones, with imperturbable coolness and that pasteboard look which he always wore, "I suppose it is. It had 'original' over it in the newspaper I took it from." In speaking of Horace Smith, whose wit and humor were as fluent as his ink, we are reminded of an incident he tells of his schooldays. Being asked by the master the Latin for the word *cowardice*, and having forgotten it, he replied that the Romans had none, which being deemed a *bon mot*, he won praise from the pedagogue and a laugh from the school for not knowing his lesson. It was a student in Waterville College of the class of 1835, who read a "composition," on the day appointed for that too often irksome exercise, on "Clams," in which he treated of the fondness for clams of the Romans, and sought to show by a quotation from Virgil that the clam was finally placed by them among the constellations—"*It clam-or ad astra*" the *or* being added simply for euphony. Citing a passage from Livy, viz.: "*Pompeius clam et nocte, Cæsar palam et interdiu*," he translated it, "Pompey eat clams by night, Cæsar by the pailful and in the daytime," which, it was contended, brought to light a very striking and interesting difference in the characters of these famous Romans.

CÆSAR PALAM ET INTERDIU

It was a Brown University student who had the *frons* to ask Professor Caswell whether his name would not be *as well* without the C—a *jeu de mot* which reminds us of what Theodore Hook regarded as his best pun—his saying to a friend who pointed to a placard bearing the inscription, half effaced, "Warren's B——." "What ought to follow," said the wag, "is *lacking*." It was a Brown graduate who, at the age of sixty, led to the hymeneal altar a bride of twenty-five, and who, being asked by a college classmate how he contrived at his frosty time of life to win the affections of so young a woman, replied: "Oh! it was easy enough. I just addressed to her two lines of poetry. I wrote

"If love is a flame that is kindled by fire,
Then an old stick is best because 'tis *drier*."

It was a Harvard student who, many years ago, had the courage, at the sudden apparition of Professor P—— at a bonfire which the youth, with other students, had kindled in the college yard, to stand and confront him, when, as in the case of Casabianca on the burning deck, "all but him had fled." "I am surprised, Thomson, to find you in such company!" exclaimed the Professor. "I see nobody here but you and me, Professor," was the reply. It was a Harvard student who, to the announcement on a placard of a "conversazione" by the Concord seer, Alcott, appended: "Ladies invited, without distinction of sex."

A Conditional Acceptance

It was a Yale senior who, having proposed to a young lady, was answered: "Yes, I will be yours on one condition." "That's all right," he, unabashed, responded; "I entered Yale with *six*." What could be happier than the reply of a youth who had just graduated from a theological seminary in Connecticut, when asked, as a crucial test of his doctrinal soundness, at a council called to ordain him for the Congregational ministry, whether, in the Scriptural case of the man with the withered limb, the man healed himself or Christ healed him. "Well," was the prompt and conclusive reply, "I always supposed the man *had a hand in it*"

Of course, college wit is not monopolized by undergraduates. Many felicitous jests and retorts have dropped from the lips of grave and saturnine professors, whose faces seemed to forbid all merriment, but whose usual gravity only gave additional zest and piquancy to their wit. One of the wittiest, as well as one of the most accomplished of American scholars, was the late Professor A. C. Kendrick, of Rochester University. Having remarked one day in the classroom that the Greek preposition *eis* invariably means "into," he was reminded by one of his pupils that Dr. Howard Crosby had asserted the contrary. "Well," was the quick reply, "if Doctor Crosby has made that statement I can only say that he has slipped up on the *eis*, that is all."

One of the best current college stories is that of a student at Oberlin who one day asked the President "if he could not advantageously take a shorter course than that prescribed in the curriculum. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "that depends on what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak, He takes a hundred years, but when He wants to make a *squash*, He takes but six months."

It has been truly said that from many a thunder cloud of opposing forces and cross currents of opposing wills a happy pleasantry will sometimes draw the lightning harmlessly down in a tinkling rain of laughter. How adroitly did a Scotch professor once neutralize a piece of impertinence which from many others would have elicited only a burst of anger! When some of his pupils had modified the announcement that he would meet his classes on a certain day, by striking out the *r*, he did not lose his temper. He simply struck out the *l*, and the victory was his.

The men of Oxford and Cambridge Universities have not scorned the recreation of *jocos risusque*, or shrunk from what Doctor Holmes calls the

"job to launch the desperate pun,
A pun-job as dangerous as the Indian one."

When it was proposed by the dons of Oxford to require *two* theological essays from the candidates for divinity degrees, the proposal provoked this terse epigram

"The title D. D. 'tis proposed to convey
To an A double S for a double SA"

The honorary degree of D. C. L. having been declined by a distinguished officer on account of the heavy fees then demanded, his refusal was thus versified:

"Oxford, no doubt you wish me well,
But, prithee, let me be;
I can't alas! be D C L.
For lack of L. S. D."

THE VICTORY WAS HIS

It was another Oxford man who perpetrated the following shocking "joe-desperate"

"That Homer should a bankrupt be
Is not so very Odd, d'ye see?
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So Ill-he-had his books conducted."

Two famous classical punsters were Cambridge men—those giants of scholarship, Doctors Parr and Porson. Exposed to a strong draught of air, the former said: "Shut that window. I am to-day only *par levibus ventis*." Porson's masterpiece of punning was the sentence he scribbled impromptu, when an undergraduate, on the assigned theme, "*Brutus, Cæsar interfecto, an bene fecit, aut male fecit.*" Without a moment's hesitation he wrote: "*Nec bene fecit, nec male fecit, sed interfecit*"

We close with the punning joke of Dr. Henry Barton, of Merton College, Oxford. In 1750 he invited a Mr. *Crow*, of New College, to dinner, where he met with Mr. *Partridge*, of Brazenose College, Mr. *Woodcock*, of Christ Church, and Mr. *Rook*, of Merton. At five o'clock P. M., the appointed dinner hour, the merry host said:

"Well, gentlemen, I think I have a goodly share of birds of the air, but we must wait for one bird more"—whereupon Mr. *Birdmore*, of another college, made his appearance at 5 30, having been expressly invited to come at that hour.

THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS

Author of The Octopus

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HE PROMISED TO HAVE HER BACK WITHIN AN HOUR

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Laura Dearborn is on the verge of an important decision. Her suitors are proving more of an embarrassment than a pleasure to her. Landry Court, the youngest, has just affronted her, in a moment of boyish impulse, by a hastily snatched kiss, and him she has resolved to dismiss. Sheldon Corthell, the artist, a man of more experience and much personal charm and great tact, moves her deeply, but seems a little lacking in strength. Her vacillations with him are becoming a reproach to her. Curtis Jadwin, a man of wealth, position and command, a strong, generous, if untutored, nature, has made a strong impression, but no more. He has, however, the approval of his friends, and Laura's advisers, the Cresslers, in spite of the fact that he has been recently induced by his friend, Gretry, a grain broker, to break away from his conservative habits and take a flyer in May wheat. He sold a million bushels short and covered on a sharp decline, cleaning up a net profit of $50,000.

CHAPTER V

HER first sensation was one merely of amazement. She put her hand quickly to her cheek, first the palm and then the back, murmuring confusedly:

"What? Why? Why?"

Then she whirled about and ran up the stairs, her silks clashing and fluttering behind her as she fled, gained her own room, and swung the door violently shut behind her. She turned up the lowered gas and, without knowing why, faced her mirror at once, studying her reflection and watching her hand as it all but scoured the offended cheek.

Then, suddenly, with an upward, uplifting rush, her anger surged within her. She, Laura, Miss Dearborn, who loved no man, who never conceded, never capitulated, whose "grand manner" was a thing proverbial, in all her pitch of pride, in her own home, her own fortress, had been kissed, like a schoolgirl, like a chambermaid, in the dark, in a corner.

And by—great Heavens!—*Landry Court*. The boy whom she fancied she held in such subjection, such profound respect. Landry Court had dared, had dared to kiss her, to offer her this wretchedly commonplace and petty affront, degrading her to the level of a pretty waitress, making her ridiculous.

She stood rigid, drawn to her full height, in the centre of her bedroom, her fists tense at her sides, her breath short, her eyes flashing, her face aflame. From time to time her words, half smothered, burst from her.

"What does he *think* I *am*? How dared he? How dared he?"

All that she could say, any condemnation she could formulate, only made her position the more absurd, the more humiliating. It had all been said before by generations of shopgirls, schoolgirls and servants, in whose company the affront had ranged her. Landry was to be told in effect that he was never to presume to seek her acquaintance again. Just as the enraged hussy of the street corners and Sunday picnics shouted that the offender should "never dare speak to her again as long as he lived." Never before had she been subjected to this kind of indignity. And simultaneously with the assurance she could hear the shrill voice of the girl of the public halls proclaiming that she had "never been kissed in all her life before."

Of all slights, of all insults, it was the one that robbed her of the very dignity she should assume to rebuke it. The more vehemently she resented it, the more laughable became the whole affair.

But she would resent it, she would resent it, and Landry Court should be driven to acknowledge that the sorriest day of his life was the one on which he had forgot the respect in which he had pretended to hold her. He had deceived her, then, all along. Because she had—foolishly—relaxed a little toward him, permitted a certain intimacy, this was how he abused it. Ah, well, it would teach her a lesson. Men were like that. She might have known it would come to this. Willfully they chose to misunderstand, to take advantage of her frankness, her good nature.

She had been foolish all along, flirting—yes, that was the word for it—flirting with Landry and Corthell and Jadwin. No doubt they all compared notes about her. Perhaps they had bet who first should kiss her. Or, at least, there was not one of them who would not kiss her if she gave him a chance.

But if she, in any way, had been to blame for what Landry had done, she would atone for it. She had made herself too cheap, she had found amusement in encouraging these men, in equivocating, in coquetting with them. Now it was time to end the whole business, to send each one of them to the right-about with an unequivocal, definite word. She was a good girl, she told herself. She was in her heart sincere; she was above the inexpensive diversion of flirting. She had started wrong in her new life, and it was time, high time, to begin over again—with a clean page—to show these men that they dared not presume to take liberties with so much as the tip of her little finger.

So great was her agitation, so eager her desire to act upon her resolve, that she could not wait till morning. It was a physical impossibility for her to remain under what she chose to believe suspicion another hour. If there was any remotest chance that her three lovers had permitted themselves to misunderstand her, they were to be corrected at once, were to be shown their place, and that without mercy.

She called for the maid, Annie, whose husband was the janitor of the house, and who slept in the top story.

"If Henry hasn't gone to bed," said Laura, "tell him to wait up till I call him, or to sleep with his clothes on. There is something I want him to do for me—something important."

It was close upon midnight. Laura turned back into her room, removed her hat and veil, and tossed them, with her coat, upon the bed. She lit another burner of the chandelier, and drew a chair to her writing-desk between the windows.

Her first note was to Landry Court. She wrote it almost with a single spurt of the pen, and dated it carefully, so that he might know it had been written immediately after he had left. Thus it ran:

> "Please do not try to see me again at any time or under any circumstances. I want you to understand, very clearly, that I do not wish to continue our acquaintance."

Her letter to Corthell was more difficult, and it was not until she had rewritten it two or three times that it read to her satisfaction.

> "My dear Mr. Corthell," so it was worded, "you asked me to night that our fencing and quibbling be brought to an end. I quite agree with you that it is desirable. I spoke as I did before you left upon an impulse that I shall never cease to regret. I do not wish you to misunderstand me, nor to misinterpret my attitude in any way. You asked me to be your wife, and, very foolishly and wrongly, I gave you—intentionally—an answer which might easily be construed into an encouragement. Understand now that I do not wish you to try to make me love you. I should find it extremely distasteful, and, believe me, it would be quite hopeless. I do not now, and never shall, care for you as I should care if I were to be your wife. I beseech you that you will not, in any manner, refer again to this subject. It would only distress and pain me. Cordially yours, LAURA DEARBORN

The letter to Curtis Jadwin was almost to the same effect. But she found the writing of it easier than the others. In addressing him she felt herself grow a little more serious, a little more dignified and calm. It ran as follows:

> "*My Dear Mr. Jadwin*. When you asked me to become your wife this evening you deserved a straightforward answer, and instead I replied in a spirit of capriciousness and disingenuousness, which I now earnestly regret, and which I ask you to pardon and to ignore.
>
> "I allowed myself to tell you that you might find encouragement in my foolishly spoken words. I am deeply sorry that I should have so forgotten what was due to my own self-respect and to your sincerity.
>
> "If I have permitted myself to convey to you the impression that I should ever be willing to be your wife, let me hasten to correct it. Whatever I said to you this evening, I must answer now—as I should have answered then—truthfully and unhesitatingly, no.
>
> "This, I insist, must be the last word between us

SOMETIMES PAGE BROUGHT HER MANDOLIN

upon this unfortunate subject if we are to continue, as I hope, very good friends. Cordially yours,

"LAURA DEARBORN."

She sealed, stamped and directed the three envelopes, and glanced at the little leather-cased traveling clock that stood on the top of her desk. It was nearly two

"I could not sleep, I could not sleep," she murmured, "if I did not know they were on the way."

In answer to the bell Henry appeared, and Laura gave him the letters with orders to mail them at once in the nearest box.

When it was all over she sat down again at her desk, and leaning an elbow upon it covered her eyes with her hand for a long moment. She felt suddenly very tired, and when at last she lowered her hand her fingers were wet with tears of sheer nervous exasperation. But in the end she grew calmer. She felt that, at all events, she had vindicated herself, that her life would begin again to-morrow with a clean page, and when at length she fell asleep it was to the dreamless unconsciousness of an almost tranquil mind

She slept late the next morning and breakfasted in bed between ten and eleven. Then, as the last vibrations of last night's commotion died away, a very natural curiosity began to assert itself. She wondered how each of the three men "would take it." In spite of herself she could not help wishing that she could be by when they read their dismissals.

Toward the early part of the afternoon, while Laura was in the library reading Queens' Gardens, the special delivery brought Landry Court's reply. It was one *roulade* of incoherence, even in places blistered with tears. Landry protested, implored, debased himself to the very dust. His letter bristled with exclamation points and ended with a prolonged wail of distress and despair.

Quietly, and with a certain merciless sense of pacification, Laura deliberately reduced the letter to strips, burned it upon the hearth, and went back to her Ruskin.

A little later, the afternoon being fine, she determined to ride out to Lincoln Park, not fifteen minutes' from her home, to take a little walk there, and to see how many new buds were out

Just as she was leaving Annie gave into her hands a pasteboard box, just brought to the house by a messenger boy

The box was full of Jacqueminot roses, to the stems of which a note from Corthell was tied. He wrote but a single line

"So it should have been 'good by' after all."

Laura had Annie put the roses in Page's room.

"Tell Page she can have them. She can wear them to her dance to-night," she said.

While to herself she added,

"The little buds in the park will be prettier."

She was gone from the house over two hours, for she had elected to walk all the way home. She came back flushed and buoyant from her exercise, her cheeks cool with the lake breeze, a young maple leaf in the lapel of her coat. Annie let her in, murmuring:

"A gentleman called just after you went out. I told him you were not at home, but he said he would wait. He is in the library now"

"Who is he? Did he give his name?" demanded Laura.

The maid handed her Curtis Jadwin's card.

CHAPTER VI

ONE warm evening, well on toward the last days of the spring, Laura Dearborn and Page joined the Cresslers, sitting out like other residents of the neighborhood on the front steps of their house. Almost every evening during the fine weather the Dearborn girls came thus to visit with the Cresslers. Sometimes Page brought her mandolin.

Every day of the warm weather seemed only to increase the beauty of the two sisters. Page's brown hair was never more luxuriant, the exquisite coloring of her cheeks never more charming, the boyish outlines of her small, straight figure—immature and a little angular as yet—never more delightful. The seriousness of her straight-browed, grave, gray-blue eyes was still present, but the eyes themselves were, in some indefinable way, deepening, and all the maturity that as yet was withheld from her undeveloped little form looked out from beneath her long lashes.

But Laura was veritably regal. Very slender as yet, no trace of fullness to be seen over hip or breast, the curves all low and flat, she yet carried her extreme height with tranquil confidence, the unperturbed assurance of a *châtelaine* of the days of feudalism

Her coal-black hair, high-piled, she wore as if it were a coronet. The warmth of the exuberant spring days had just perceptibly mellowed the even paleness of her face, but to compensate for this all the splendor of coming midsummer nights flashed from her deep brown eyes.

On this occasion she had put on her coat over her shirt-waist, and a great bunch of violets was tucked into her belt.

"NO," SHE EXPLAINED, . . . "THAT I WOULD NOT HAVE—YET"

But no sooner had she exchanged greetings with the others and settled herself in her place than she slipped her coat from her shoulders.

It was while she was doing this that she noted, for the first time, Landry Court standing half in and half out of the shadow of the vestibule behind Mr. Cressler's chair

"This is the first time he has been here since—since that night," Mrs. Cressler hastened to whisper in Laura's ear. "He told me about—well, he told me what occurred, you know. He came to dinner to-night, and afterward the poor boy nearly wept in my arms. You never saw such penitence.'

Laura put her chin in the air with a little movement of incredulity. But her anger had long since been a thing of the past. Good-tempered, she could not cherish resentment very long. But as yet she had greeted Landry only by the briefest of nods

"Such a warm night!" she murmured, fanning herself with part of Mr. Cressler's evening paper. "And I never was so thirsty."

"Why, of course," exclaimed Mrs. Cressler. "Isabel," she called, addressing Miss Gretry, who sat on the opposite side of the steps, "isn't the lemonade near you? Fill a couple of glasses for Laura and Page."

Page murmured her thanks, but Laura declined.

"No; just plain water for me," she said. "Isn't there some inside? Mr. Court can get it for me, can't he?"

Landry brought the pitcher back, running at top speed and spilling half of it in his eagerness. Laura thanked him with a smile, addressing him, however, by his last name. She somehow managed to convey to him in her manner the information that, though his offense was forgotten, their old-time relations were not, for one instant, to be resumed.

Later, while Page was thrumming her mandolin, Landry whistling a "second," Mrs. Cressler took occasion to remark to Laura.

"I was reading the Paris letter in the Inter Ocean to-day, and I saw Mr. Corthell's name on the list of American arrivals at the Continental. I guess," she added, "he's going to be gone a long time. I wonder sometimes if he will *ever* come back. A fellow with his talent, I should imagine he would find Chicago—well, less congenial, anyhow, than Paris. But, just the same, I do think it was mean of him to break up our play by going. I'll bet a cookie that he wouldn't take part any more just because you wouldn't. He was just crazy to do that love scene in the fourth act with you. And when *you* wouldn't play, of course *he* wouldn't; and then everybody seemed to lose interest with you two out. J. took it all very decently, though, don't you think?"

Laura made a murmur of mild assent.

"He was disappointed, too," continued Mrs. Cressler. "I could see that. He thought the play was going to interest a lot of our church people in his Sunday-school. But he never said a word when it fizzled out. Is he coming to-night?"

"Well, I declare," said Laura. "How should *I* know, if you don't?"

Jadwin was an almost regular visitor at the Cresslers' during the first warm evenings. He lived on the South Side, and the distance between his home and that of the Cresslers was very considerable. It was seldom, however, that Jadwin did not drive over. He came in his double-seated buggy, his negro coachman beside him, the two coach dogs, "Rex" and "Rox," trotting under the rear axle. His horses were not showy, nor were they made conspicuous by elaborate boots, bandages, and all the other solemn paraphernalia of the stable, yet men upon the sidewalks, amateurs, breeders, and the like—men who understood good stock—never failed to stop to watch the team go by, heads up, the check rein swinging loose, ears all alert, eyes all alight, the breath deep, strong and slow, and the stride machine-like, even as the swing of a metronome, thrown out from the shoulder to knee, snapped on from knee to fetlock, from fetlock to pastern, finishing squarely, beautifully, with the thrust of the hoof, planted an instant, then, as it were, flinging the roadway behind it, snatched up again, and again cast forward.

On these occasions Jadwin himself wore, inevitably, a black "slouch" hat, suggestive of the General of the Civil War, a gray "dust" overcoat with a black velvet collar, and tan gloves, discolored with the moisture of his palms and all twisted and crumpled with the strain of holding the thoroughbreds to their work.

He always called the time of the trip from the buggy at the Cresslers' horse block, his stop watch in his hand, and, as he joined the group upon the steps, he was almost sure to remark: "Tugs were loose all the way from the river. They pulled the whole rig by the reins. My hands are about dislocated."

"Page plays very well," murmured Mrs. Cressler as the young girl laid down her mandolin. "I hope J. does come to-night," she added. "I love to have him 'round. He's so hearty and whole-souled"

Laura did not reply. She seemed a little preoccupied this evening.

Conversation in the group died away. The night was very beautiful, serene, quiet, and, at this particular hour of the end of the twilight, no one cared to talk much. After a while Mrs. Cressler began to talk to Laura in a low voice. She and Charlie were going to spend a part of June at Oconomowoc, in Wisconsin. Why could not Laura make up her mind to

come with them? She had asked Laura a dozen times already, but couldn't get a yes or no answer from her. What was the reason she could not decide? Didn't she think she would have a good time?

Page can go," said Laura. "I would like to have you take her. But as for me, I don't know. My plans are so unsettled this summer." She broke off suddenly. "Oh, now that I think of it, I want to borrow your Idylls of the King. May I take it for a day or two? I'll run in and get it now," she added as she rose. "I know just where to find it No, please sit still, Mr. Cressler. I'll go.

And with the words she disappeared indoors, leaving Mrs. Cressler to murmur to her husband

"Strange girl. Sometimes I think I don't know Laura at all. She's so inconsistent. How funny she acts about going to Oconomowoc with us!'

Mr. Cressler permitted himself an amiable grunt of protest

"Pshaw! Laura's all right. The handsomest girl in Cook County.'

"Well, that's not much to do with it, Charlie," sighed Mrs Cressler. "Oh, dear," she added vaguely. "I don't know.'

"Don't know what?"

"I hope Laura's life will be happy "

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Carrie!"

"There's something about that girl," continued Mrs. Cressler, "that makes my heart bleed for her."

Cressler frowned, puzzled and astonished

"Hey—what!" he exclaimed. "You're crazy, Carrie!"

"Just the same," persisted Mrs. Cressler, "I just yearn toward her sometimes like a mother. Some people are born to trouble, Charlie; born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward And you mark my words, Charlie Cressler, Laura is that sort There's all the pathos in the world in just the way she looks at you from under all that black, black hair and out of her eyes—the saddest eyes sometimes; great, mournful eyes.'

'Fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Cressler, resuming his paper

"I'm positive that Sheldon Corthell asked her to marry him," mused Mrs. Cressler after a moment's silence. "I'm sure that's why he left so suddenly

Her husband grunted grimly as he turned his paper so as to catch the reflection of the vestibule light.

"Don't you think so, Charlie?"

"Uh! I don't know. I never had much use for that fellow, anyhow

'He's wonderfully talented," she commented, "and so refined. He always had the most beautiful manners. Did you ever notice his hands?"

"I thought they were like a barber's. Put him in J.'s rig there, behind those horses of his, and how long do you suppose he'd hold those trotters with that pair of hands? Why," he blustered suddenly, "they'd pull him right over the dashboard."

"Poor Landry Court!" murmured his wife, lowering her voice. "He's just about heart-broken. He wanted to marry her, too. My goodness, she must have brought him up with a round turn. I can see Laura when she is really angry Poor fellow!"

'If you *women* would let that boy alone he might amount to something

He told me his life was ruined.'

Cressler threw his cigar from him with vast impatience.

"Oh, *rot!*" he muttered.

"He took it terribly, seriously, Charlie, just the same.

"I'd like to take that young boy in hand and shake some of the nonsense out of him that you women have filled him with. He's got a level head. On the floor every day, and never yet bought a hatful of wheat on his own account Don't know the meaning of speculation and don't want to. There's a boy with some sense

'It's just as well," persisted Mrs. Cressler reflectively "that Laura wouldn't have him. Of course they're not made for each other. But I thought that Corthell would have made her happy. But she won't ever marry J. He asked her to, she didn't tell me, but I know he did. And she's refused him flatly. She won't marry anybody, she says. Says she didn't love anybody, and never would. I'd have loved to have seen her married to J., but I can see now that they wouldn't have been congenial; and if Laura wouldn't have Sheldon Corthell who was just made for her, I guess it was no use to expect she'd have J Laura's got a temperament, and she's artistic,

(Continued on Page 30)

THE ADMIRABLE TINKER

By EDGAR JEPSON

The FRUSTRATED ELOPEMENT

"NOT I!" said Sir Tancred Beauleigh; "I'm not going to interfere! I have enough to do to keep Tinker out of mischief without acting as dry-nurse to the children of Cousin Bumpkin!"

"But hang it all, the man's a regular bad hat," said Lord Crosland. "He was advised to resign from the Bridge Club; and I happen to know that he is actually wanted in London about a check."

"And in Paris, Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna and Budapest. Men who speak French as well as he does always are," said Sir Tancred. "Which reminds me, Tinker, your accent is getting too good. The honest English tongue was never made to speak French like a Frenchman. Let up on it a little."

"Yes, sir," said Hildebrand Anne

"But you ought to do something, don't you know?" said Lord Crosland. "The child's very pretty, and nice and sweet, and all that. It would be no end of a shame if she should marry that bounder Courtnay."

"I won't stir a finger," said Sir Tancred Beauleigh firmly, "for two reasons. One, Beresford Beauleigh was the most active member of my family in separating me and my wife; two, if this bounder Courtnay has got round Beresford, words would be wasted. Bumpkin is as dense and obstinate as any clodhopper who ever chawed bacon."

"But she's a pretty child and worth saving," said Lord Crosland. "What do you think, Tinker?"

"I should think she was rather soft," said Hildebrand Anne with admirable judgment.

"*Solomon, va!*" said Lord Crosland, clutching his ribs and drawing from him a sudden yell

The three of them sat in the gardens which surround the Temple of Fortune at Monte Carlo; and they were talking of a handsome young man, with glossy black hair, a high color, and a roving black eye who sat near them beside a charming, peach-complexioned English girl. The pair were plainly lovers; he was bending toward her and talking volubly—to all seeming, about himself—and she was gazing before her with happy, dreamy eyes over the sea.

"Well, come along; we have a hard day's work before us." said Sir Tancred, who was trying a new system with Lord Crosland; and the two of them strolled off

They left Tinker sitting still and thoughtful, the prey of a case of conscience. He knew the story of his father's secret marriage at eighteen with the daughter of the parson who had been coaching him for Oxford, and of how the Beauleighs had used all their authority and influence to such purpose that they had separated him from his girl-wife, and brought about her death of a broken heart a few months after his own birth. He had been trained to hate the Beauleighs, and to believe any revenge on them a mere act of justice. But his dead mother was but a shadowy figure to him, and this girl was very charming and sweet and kind; for he had had a long talk with her one evening, and she had shared a box of chocolates with him. Did those chocolates constitute the tie of bread and salt between them which his father had taught him was so binding? He wished to help the girl, therefore he made up his mind that they did

With a sigh of satisfaction he rose and sauntered up to the absorbed lovers and began to parade up and down before them. His nearness put something of a check on the eloquence of Mr. Arthur Courtnay, and every time Tinker's shadow fell on them he looked up and frowned.

At last he said, "Go away, my lad, and play somewhere else."

"I don't want any cheek from a hairdresser's assistant," said Tinker with blithe readiness

There is nothing so wounding as the truth, and Courtnay knew that he was weak about the hair. He never could bring himself to keep it properly cropped, it was so glossy. His florid face became swiftly of a most unbecoming scarlet, and he cried, "You impudent young dog!"

"Don't speak to me till you've been introduced. You're always forcing your acquaintance," said Tinker.

It was again the wounding truth, and Courtnay sprang up and dashed for him. Tinker bolted round a group of shrubs, Courtnay after him. Finding him too quick on his feet Tinker bolted into the shrubs. Courtnay plunged after him right into a well-grown specimen of the organ cactus. It brought him up short. He began to swear, and though he could have sworn with equal fluency and infelicity in French, German or Italian, in the depth of his genuine emotion he returned to the tongue of his boyhood, and swore in English. When he came out of the shrubs adorned on one side of his face and both his hands with neat little beads of blood, he found that Enid Beauleigh had risen from her seat, and was looking shocked, surprised and, worst of all, disgusted. He did not mend matters much by mixing his apologies with threats of vengeance on Tinker, but his temper, once out of control, was not easily curbed. He made a most unfortunate impression on her

The shadowing of Mr. Arthur Courtnay was Tinker's chief relief from the tedium of life at Monte Carlo. That florid Adonis never grew used to hearing a gentle voice singing softly:

"Get your hair cut! Get your hair cut!" or,

'Oh! Tatcho! Oh! Tatcho'
Rejoice ye bald and weary men!
You'll soon be regular hairy men!
Sing! Rejoice! Let your voices go!
Sprinkle some! On your cranium!
What, oh! Tatcho!'"

Editor's Note—This is the last of four independent tales of The Admirable Tinker.

"NICE AND SWEET, AND ALL THAT"

Sooner or later, whether he was walking or sitting with Enid, those vulgar strains would be wafted to their ears, and they injured his cause. They kept alive in the girl's mind an uneasy doubt that her father was right in asserting Arthur Courtnay to be one of the nicest fellows he had ever met, a veritable gentleman of the old school, an opinion founded on the fact that Courtnay was the only man who had ever given two hours' close attention to his views on Protection. But for all this lurking doubt Courtnay's influence over her was growing stronger and stronger. He was forever appealing to her pity by telling her of the hard and lonely life he had led since his father, a poor gentleman of good family, had died in exile at Boulogne. Really his father, a stout but impecunious horse-dealer of the name of Budgett, certainly in exile at Boulogne owing to a standing difference with the bankruptcy laws of his country, was alive still. But Arthur was very fond of himself, and once in the mood of self-pity he could invent pathetic anecdote after pathetic anecdote of his privations which would have touched the heart of a hardened grandmother. She fell into the way of calling him "King Arthur" to herself. He devoted himself to winning her with an unrelaxing energy, for she had forty thousand pounds of her own But he cared very little for her, and sometimes he found his love-making hard work. She was not the type of girl whom he admired, her delicacy irritated him; he preferred what the poet has called "an armful of girl," buxom and hearty Often, therefore, when she had gone to bed he would refresh himself by a vigorous flirtation with Mademoiselle Séraphine de Belle-Isle, a bright but by no means particular star of the *Folies Bergères*, who affected gowns of a peculiarly vivid and searching scarlet. And this self-indulgence proved in the end his ruin.

But in spite of these diversions he was unremittingly resolved to press his wooing to an immediate conclusion The next day and the day after, therefore, he redoubled his lamentations that the smallness of his means prevented him from going, as his natural honesty dictated, straight to her father and asking for her hand, and protested that he dare not risk the loss of her, which would work irreparable havoc in his life It was only another step to suggest that once they were married her father's strong liking for him would soon bring about their forgiveness. He pressed and pressed these points, pausing at times to declare the vastness of his affection for her, until at last, against her better judgment and in spite of a lurking distrust of him of which she could not rid herself, she yielded to his persistence and the overwhelming influence of his stronger personality—and consented to elope with him.

Two days later as Tinker, Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland were at *déjeuner*, Enid and Courtney passed them on their way to the gardens

"By Jove, those two are going to bolt!" said Lord Crosland

"They have the air," said Sir Tancred coolly

"Look here, you ought to interfere, don't you know? You ought really," said Lord Crosland, who had fallen under the fascination of Enid's fresh charm

"Why don't *you*?" said Sir Tancred

"Well," said Lord Crosland uncomfortably, "I did go to Beresford Beauleigh and tell him to keep an eye on Courtney; and he as good as told me to go to—Jericho"

"Just like Bumpkin," said Sir Tancred contemptuously "I'll bet you a fiver they bolt to-night—by the *train des décavés*."

"I don't want to bet about it," said Lord Crosland very gloomily. He was a good fellow, but, eager as he was to save Enid Beauleigh, incapable of forming an effective plan

Their talk made Tinker thoughtful. It would have been easy enough to settle the matter by revealing Courtney's injudicious display of affection toward Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle, but that was not Tinker's way. He had a passion for keeping things in his own hands, and a pretty eye for dramatic possibilities. Besides, he had taken a great dislike to Courtney and was eager to make his discomfiture signal

At half past four in the afternoon he knocked at the door of Mademoiselle Séraphine's suite of rooms, and her maid conducted so prominent a figure in Monte Carlo society straight to her mistress

Mademoiselle Séraphine, having just changed from a bright scarlet costume into a brighter, was taking her afternoon tea out of a bottle of Bénédictine before returning to the tables

"*Bonjour, Monsieur le vauvien*," she said with a bright smile

"I came to ask you if you would sup with Mr. Courtney to-night?" said the unscrupulous Tinker

"*Ah, le bel Arthur!*" cried the lady But, with pleasure! Where?"

"Oh, in the restaurant of the hotel," said Tinker.

The lady's face fell; she would have preferred to sup in a less public place, one more suited to protestations of devotion

"At about eleven?" she said

"At half-past," said Tinker; "and I think he'd like a note from you—it—it would please him, I'm sure. He—he—could take it out and look at it, you know." It was a little clumsy; but, though he had thought it out carefully, it was the best that he could do

"You think so? What a lot we know about these things!" said Mademoiselle Séraphine with a pleased laugh. The idea delighted her, for she was proud of her calligraphy—an accomplishment rare among ladies of her taste in dress. She went forthwith to the writing-table, and in ten minutes composed the tenderest of billets-doux Tinker received it from her with a very lively satisfaction, and after a few bonbons and a desultory chat with her escorted her down to the casino

The rest of the day seemed very long to his impatience, while to Enid, harassed by vague doubt and dread, it seemed exceedingly short. When the hour for action came she braced herself by an effort to play her part, but it was with a sinking heart that she stole, thickly veiled and bearing a small handbag, out of the hotel and down to the station. She failed to notice that she was followed by two guardian angels in the shape of a small boy and a bundled bull terrier

Courtney met her on the top of the steps which led down to the station, and when she found him in a most inharmonious mood of triumph she began even so early to repent of her rashness. They went down to the station as the *train des décavés*, the train of the stony-brokes, steamed in, and they settled themselves in an empty first class compartment. Her heart seemed to sink to her shoes as she felt the train move Then the door opened, and, hauling the panting Blazer by the scruff of the neck, Tinker tumbled into the carriage

Enid gave a great gasp of relief; the sight of him gave her a faint hope of escape; his presence was a respite. Tinker lifted Blazer on to the seat between him and Courtney, crying cheerfully, "I thought I'd just missed you! I've got a note for you from Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle, and I knew she'd never forgive me if I didn't give it to you!"

Courtney's florid face was already painfully empurpled by the mere intrusion of his inveterate persecutor, that alone presaged certain disaster; at his words his eyes displayed a lively but uncomfortable tendency to start out of his head "I don't know what you mean!" he stuttered

"You don't know Séraphine de Belle-Isle!" cried Tinker in well-affected amazement and surprise. "Why, only three nights ago I saw you kissing her in the gardens!"

"It's a lie!" roared Courtney

"The Beauleighs don't lie," said Tinker curtly

For the moment, breathless with rage, Courtney could find no words, and Enid, very pale, stared from one to the other with startled, searching eyes

"At any rate, here's her letter," said Tinker stiffly, holding it out over Blazer's back. Enid stooped swiftly forward and took the letter: "I am the person to read that letter," she said with a spirit Courtney had never dreamed of in her. "It is my right!"

She tore it open and had just time to read "*Mon Arthur adoré*," when Courtney, with a growl of rage, snatched it from her, and tore it into pieces, crying, "I will not have you victimized by this mischievous young dog! It's an absurd imposition! I claim your trust!"

But the doubt of him which had lurked always in the bottom of Enid's heart had sprung to sudden strength; she looked at him with eyes that were veritably chilling in their coldness, and turning to Tinker she said, "Is it true?"

"It is—on my honor," said Tinker

There was a quivering movement in Enid's throat as she choked down a sob; she rose and walked down the carriage to the seat opposite Tinker, farthest from Courtney. Slowly collecting his wits, Courtney grew eloquent and ran through the whole gamut of the emotions proper to the occasion—honorable indignation, injured innocence, reproachfulness, incredulity, and passion so deep as to be ready to forgive even this heart-breaking distrust. She listened to him in silence with an unchanging face, her lips set thin, her sombre eyes gazing straight before her.

Suddenly despair seized Courtney and he gave the rein to the fury which he had been repressing with such difficulty "At any rate, I'll be even with you, you young dog!" he cried savagely. "I'm going to throw you out of the train!"

"Oh, no; you're not," said Tinker pleasantly. "By the time you've thrown Blazer out there won't be enough of you left to throw me out

Courtney jumped up with a demonstrative hostility; Tinker hissed; with an angry snarl Blazer drew in his tongue and put out his teeth; and Courtney sat down. For a while he was silent, seeking for an object to vent his rage on; they could hear him grinding his teeth. Then he burst out at Enid, taunting, jeering and abusing

"That's enough!" cried Tinker angrily "Pstt! Pstt! At him, Blazer! At him!"

For a few seconds Courtney tried fighting, but his upbringing in France had not fitted him to cope with a heavy bull-terrier. When the train ran into the station at Nice he was out on the footboard, yelling lustily

"Come on quick, before there's a fuss!" cried Tinker, catching up Enid's bag and opening the door. They jumped down; Tinker whistled Blazer; and the three of them bustled along the platform

"I've no ticket!" gasped Enid, who every moment expected Courtney to be upon them

"I thought of that! I've got one for you!" said Tinker and before Courtney had quite realized that the train had stopped they were out of the station.

Tinker hurried his charge along the line of fiacres and stopped at a victoria and pair. "*Holà, cocher!*" he cried "From the Couronne d'Or? Wired for, to drive a lady and a boy to Monte Carlo?"

"*Oui, Monsieur!*" cried the driver, cracking his whip

They scrambled in, and the horses stepped out. Tinker knelt on the seat looking back over the hood. They were almost out of sight of the station when he fancied that he saw a hatless figure run out of it into the road. It might have been only fancy; they were so far off he could not trust his sight. Three minutes later he dropped down on the seat with a sigh of relief: "That's all right!" he said

"Oh," said Enid, "how can I ever thank you? You've saved me—Oh! what haven't you saved me from!"

"A bad hat—a regular bad hat," said Tinker gravely

"You wonderful boy!" she cried, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him

Tinker wriggled uncomfortably, he often wished that there were not quite so many women in the world who insisted on embracing him "Well, you're a Beauleigh, you see," he said by way of defense

After a while Enid cooled from her excitement to the cold understanding of her folly Then she grew, very naturally, bitterly unhappy, and to his horror Tinker heard the sound of a stifled sob

"I think, if you'll excuse me," he said hurriedly, "I'll go to sleep." And, happily for his comfort, his pretense at slumber was soon a reality. It was no less a comfort to Enid, she had her cry out and felt much better for it

When the carriage drew up before the Hôtel des Princes they found an excited group about the doorway. Beresford Beauleigh was the centre of it, raging and lamenting; he had missed his daughter, and with his usual good sense was taking all the world into his confidence. Lord Crosland and Sir Tancred stood on one side; and it is to be feared that Sir Tancred was enjoying exceedingly the distress of his enemy

Leave the bag to me! I'll give it you to-morrow" whispered Tinker as the horses stopped. "Say we've been for a drive! I sha'n't split!

As Enid stepped out of the carriage her father rushed up to her crying, "What does this mean? Where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Oh," said Enid coolly raising her voice that all the curious group might hear, "I've been for a drive with Cousin Hildebrand. I couldn't find you to tell you I was going." And taking out her purse she stepped forward to pay the coachman

Tinker, keeping the bag as low as he could, slipped through the group. Lord Crosland hurried after him and caught him by the shoulder. "Where have you really been?" he said "What happened? Where's Courtney?"

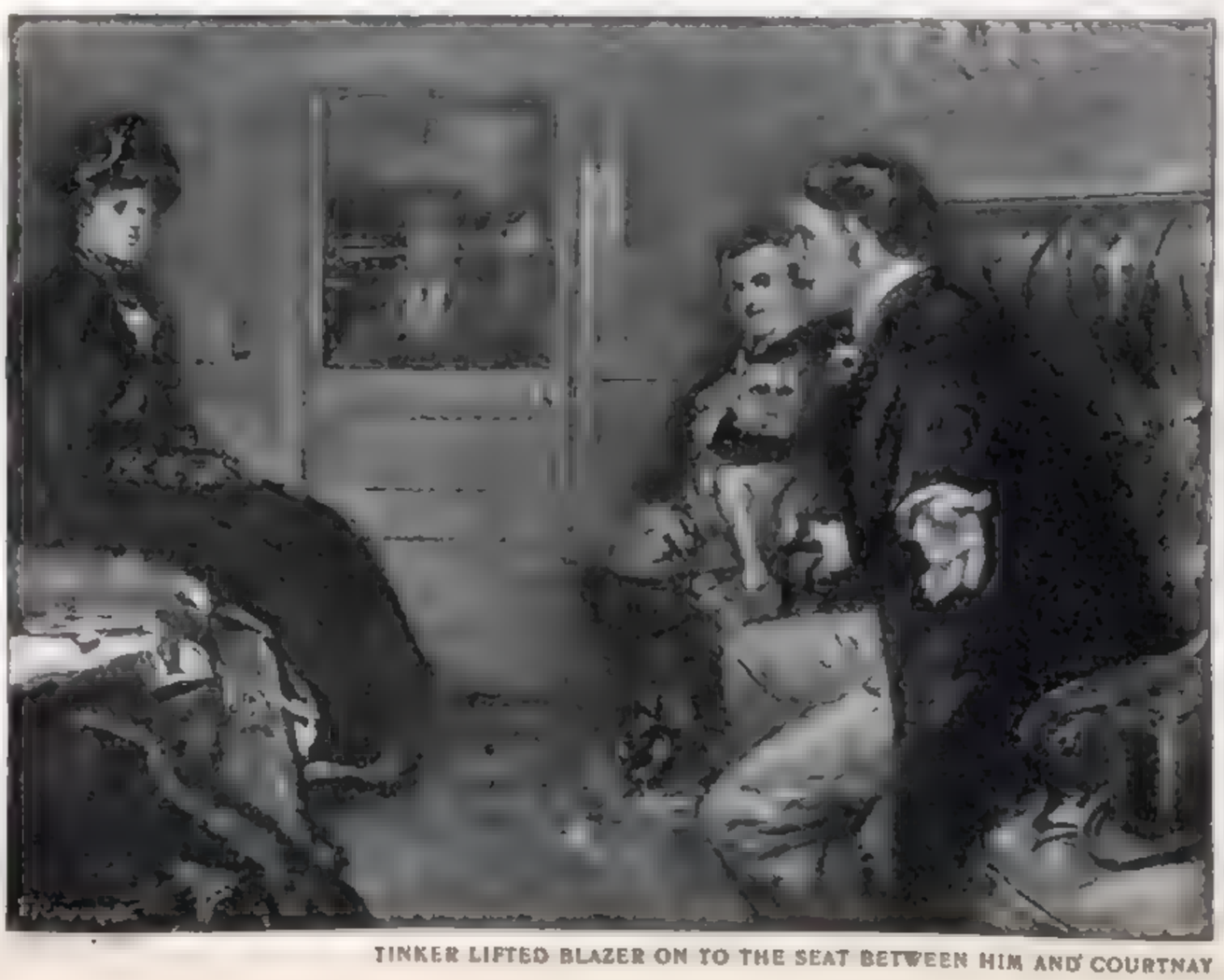
"I've been for a drive with my cousin," said Tinker, looking up at him with eyes of a limpid frankness

"Ah, let's see what you've got in that bag."

"Can't. It's locked," said Tinker shortly

"Well, never mind. I owe you fifty pound," said Lord Crosland joyfully

Tinker stopped short and his face grew very bright. "Do you?" he said. "I think I should like it in gold—a fiver at a time"



TINKER LIFTED BLAZER ON TO THE SEAT BETWEEN HIM AND COURTNAY

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¶Better spend than lend.

¶Soft solder binds many business deals.

¶He often laughs best who laughs least.

¶Better do nothing than something which is worth nothing

¶Those who praise adversity are usually prompted by that ignorance which is bliss.

¶The problem of what to do with our millionaires is being rapidly solved by the automobile

¶A man's standards of measurement are like his cigars—one kind for himself, another for his friends.

¶Hard work is not all that is necessary to success in life. Misdirected energy and zeal will send a man to the penitentiary.

¶The new shipping trust has a capitalization of $120,000,000. Considering that it aims at the monopoly of the ocean, we need not be surprised to learn that a lot of it is water. Still, people and newspapers complain. Nothing satisfies them—not even the eternal fitness of things.

Send the Girl to College

AN EXCEEDINGLY shrewd Chinaman, Sir Chentung Liung Cheng, said the other day: "In all our seaports they are now establishing schools for girls. That is the foundation of the reform (of China). Just wait a few years and see what will happen when our educated girls are grown up and become mothers. It is no longer the case in China that the girls are regarded lightly in the family. We are coming to think more of our daughters than of our boys."

Thus it appears that in their study of the Occident the Chinese have hit upon one of its secrets which it too often overlooks itself—possibly because its men do almost all its public talking and public writing. Especially is this secret important to us—the democracy whose mission seems to be to lead the world in the march upward to that Aready where every human unit shall have the chance to count as one.

Our extensive and expanding system of higher education for women is often bitterly assailed by educated men, even by educators. Bourbonism, especially when bulwarked by vanity, does not yield easily; and it will be many a day before death reaps the last man with the passion for looking down on his fellow-creatures. To avoid unprofitable dispute, grant that woman should look up to man. Still, there remains unimpaired the truth that woman's two highest functions are to be the companion of man and the mother of men. The helpful and profitable companion for an educated man must be an educated woman—educated not merely for man's "hours of ease," nor for his happily infrequent hours "when pain and anguish rack the brow," but also for the hours of development and endeavor.

So long as so-called education consisted in a little Latin and less Greek, forgotten as speedily as the business of life could crowd it from the mind, higher education was as unimportant to women as—well, as it was to man. But now that education consists in teaching not how the Greeks and Romans lived but how "you and I" must live to-day and to-morrow, the gap between the man who has had higher education and the woman who has not had it and has not supplied the deficiency is wide indeed, and will grow wider. If as much attention were given to the relations between men and women from five years after marriage on to the end as is given to their relations during the purely sentimental and transitory mating season, this difference would appear in its true importance.

The same point of view fits for woman as a mother. So long as the training of children centred around the slipper and the switch, an ignorant mother was not at a great disadvantage—the best educated mother knew too little. But nowadays the child of the highly educated mother has an enormous advantage—other things being equal.

No education in the mother will compensate for lack of character. Character without education is infinitely better than education without character. But character plus education is the true ideal—and it is attainable.

If we are to enter more and more fully into the rich promised land which freedom and science open to us, we must have not only the man who knows but also the woman who knows. After all, is it not our ultimate excuse for being alive that we are the parents of the next generation? And there the woman, with practically absolute control over the next generation at its vital formative age, has the better of the man. If anything, she needs the higher education even more than does man. By all means send the girl to college.

The Human Dippers

MR. PHILLIPS' graphic account of The Making of a Billionaire recalls a story told of himself the other day by the famous English Alpine climber, Furlong. With a companion he successfully made, last December, the ascent of a peak hitherto inaccessible in winter. The adventure required long, costly preparation, the explorers were storm-bound in the mountains for days, one of the guides fell from a precipice and was lamed for life. But the Englishmen reached the summit, and, returning, took shelter in a mountain châlet. They lay by the fire, wet, freezing and exhausted, an agony of pain in every limb. The good wife of the hut, busy with supper, suddenly stopped, and eying them with a quizzical glance said dryly, "*Et pourquoi?*"

Furlong says, "The words came like a flash of light to me. I had drained myself for years to come of money, health and vitality to do this thing. And why? That some man in the Alpine Club in London should perhaps say to his neighbor, 'Furlong went up Mt. X. to-day.' Neither man ever saw me or wanted to see me.

"Why should I go on doing this thing? What did I gain by it?"

We all groan with envy when we hear of Rockefeller or Morgan climbing up the Alps on Alps of their heaped millions. But why? What, in actual fact, do they gain by them?

Up to a certain amount money is useful to a man. He can spend so many hundreds or thousands in bettering the condition of himself or the people dear to him. Beyond that lie the fields of charity and freakish follies. Yet even Carnegie's libraries or a fleet of yachts consume but a few millions. But when a man's income reaches a hundred millions he can receive no more individual sensation of pleasure from them than he does from the individual bricks in the wall of his house. His neighbor who has but a moderate income can buy as dainty food as he can, loiter in as choice corners of the earth, can humor his tastes as fully whether they lean to kennels or cards.

A millionaire who runs Mr. Carnegie a close second as to income was asked the other day of what industry he was the captain, as he invested in so many.

"Me!" he chuckled, "I am a dipper—a human dipper! Whatever I put my hand into I shovel out money!" But outside of this abnormal faculty of making money he is a vulgar, insignificant little fellow.

For we should remember that a man does not grow with his millions. They may be limitless as the seas, and he stand in the midst hard and fixed as a leaden figure.

If the reward of the millions to the man who has gained them is small, what of the man who fights and works for them, who gives up the gentler, saner, nobler facts of life for them and does not gain them?

How many of our boys are leaving college resolved to be human dippers?

The Other Side of the Fence

IT HAS frequently been asserted in various ways by the thoughtful and observant that men are much more alike than they are different. The truth of this statement is borne out by the experience of most of us. Of course, as far as we ourselves are concerned there is some difference—at least we think so, but that is only one of the common and amiable vanities of the race. It has remained for a recent writer to discover and announce that the consensus of the opinions of the ages on this matter is incorrect—that one man is very little like another; in other words, that human nature is utterly different from itself in its various manifestations.

It is the prevalence of this latter idea among the non-thoughtful which is the source of much trouble in the world. One class is surprised at the doings of another class, employers are astounded at the views of workmen; while, on their side, workmen wonder that employers think and act as they do. As a matter of fact, if positions were suddenly reversed things would go on so nearly as they do now that few people would notice the change. When a workingman becomes an employer he acts like an employer; when a poor man grows rich he does like the rest of the rich—only more so. And still, in spite of the many evidences of this by which they are constantly confronted, there are many who still think that the differences are in men rather than conditions.

It is this fallacy which makes men so unable to understand each other, especially when their interests clash. They think that if positions were changed they would act in B as they do in A; although at the same time, with an inconsistency which is curious, they imagine that the man in B, when transferred to A, would experience a change of heart. All questions which are debated have two sides—those sides being unequal, or, at least, seeming unequal when viewed from different points.

Men differ from each other on the whole to the same extent as do twins who have to be differentiated by colored ribbons, and whose individuality, should the ribbon be changed, would be forever lost; or like new pins, to find the differences between which would require much more than normal eyesight or ordinary magnifying glasses.

The Loyalty of Brother and Sister

IT IS said that the value of the family as a social institution is lessening. One divorce to seven marriages is a proportion which obtains in certain counties of States as civilized as are Maine and Ohio. The place of the family as a social unit is displaced by the social unity of the individual himself.

But there remains one element of the family which has not become impaired. It is the element constituted by the brothers and sisters of the home. Whatever may be said respecting the decline of the loyalty of other members of the family to each other, it is to be promptly and strongly affirmed that the love of brothers and sisters for each other has strengthened. Brothers and sisters are exceedingly eager not to draw too heavily, for their own advantage, at the expense of their equals, from the family exchequer. Again and again has the writer heard a brother say: "I cannot stay longer in college; my brother must now have his turn." A sister has remarked: "Jim has helped me this year. I must go back to the farm and let him come to college."

It is pleasant to be able to say that, while the love of the sister for the brother has not diminished in recent years, the love of the brother for the sister, if it has not actually increased, has found larger opportunity of proving itself. In the former time the sister worked to send her brother to college. To-day hundreds of brothers are working to send and keep their sisters in college. The higher education is a newly found privilege for women, and brothers are most eager that their sisters shall avail themselves of it.

The causes of this strengthening of the brotherly ties of the home are found, first, in the greater spirit of equality which has come to pervade the home, and, secondly, in the greater spirit of humanity which has come to possess not only the home but also every institution of the community.

TALKS WITH A KID BROTHER

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THE FIRST DAY

LOOK at that one! No, the fellow in the flannel suit out in the middle of the street. Seems to be having a nice quiet time of it, doesn't he?—walking along there with that pipe in his mouth, kicking up the dust, all alone What? Oh, he's simply glad to get back to college, that's all. From the way he swings his shoulders and wears that slouchy, faded hat you might think he owned the place. Well, I suppose he does; he's a senior. Now he's beginning to sing a little—oh, just because he feels like singing, and has a right to do as he pleases, knows there is no one about to criticise, and wouldn't care if there was. Look at this other chap running at him from behind. Jumped out of that hack there, didn't he? Drops his suit-case in the gutter because he doesn't want it just now. See him grit his teeth and sneak up behind. Watch him jump up in the air and land on his back with a yell. Look at 'em now, will you! They haven't seen each other for three months. If they want to express it that way they've got a right to. Hear them giving each other excuses for not writing letters. Yes, they do look pretty glad, that's a fact.

Now that you've got off your conditional examination and have matriculated you are part of the show. Of course you are, and are actually on your way to the opening exercises in chapel. It'll be a long time before you are boss of the whole thing, like those fellows, but you are part of it, you have a right here, you are a College Man at last! a member of the privileged leisure class—the real thing. Don't grin that way; I'm not guying you. This is a very serious conversation, to last all the way to the chapel door. After that you'll have to shift for yourself. Did you observe those youngsters sitting on the fence, with brand-new swagger on their faces under that brand new brilliant headgear? Of course you knew they were sophomores—you modern freshmen are always so sophisticated. I was only going to say that they will give you all the guying you need, I fancy, without me: "horsing," they call it nowadays. They will soon convince you of your relative unimportance to the world in general and to this little world in particular. It's too bad I'm with you, for they might have begun on you now. I was in hopes they would take me for a freshman, too. Last year I was here at the opening and was asked to take off my hat by a little boy of about nineteen—what did I do? As I was told, of course, and tried to look frightened, hoping to get some fun out of it, but unfortunately another sophomore came along just then and said, "Shut up, you fool; that's an old graduate."

"Oh, are you?" said my hazer amazed, blushing.

"Not so very old," said I.

"But you're a graduate!" said he, stammering.

"I very much fear," said I, "that I was graduated from college before you were graduated from knickerbockers." And then he began to get abject.

"Oh, don't," said I; "please don't apologize; you can't imagine how you have flattered me," and of course he couldn't, for he was only a sophomore. You don't seem to appreciate it, either; some day you will. And now I want to say to you—oh, no wonder you can't pay attention to the words of wisdom. Yes, that's he! You must have very good eyes, boy, for he doesn't look anything like this in his football clothes. Oh, by his photograph in the papers! I see. To be sure, and you study those pictures with more care than your Greek, no doubt. Does he seem to me to have put on flesh? Really I have no idea, but I'll ask him. Yes, I have the honor; he is a member of my club. "Hello, Hammie, how are you? Hammie, this is my freshman brother Dick. He's very anxious to know how much you weigh. . . . Ah, then you have put on flesh? No? Indeed! How remarkable! Golf did it, eh? Dick, we were hopelessly ignorant, weren't we? Good-by, Hammie; glad to have seen you. Yes, the boy is going to try for the freshman eleven."

There now, Dick. You have met him! You have held the hand that held the football that won that never-to-be-forgotten victory. And he has spoken to you, addressed a whole sentence all to you alone, and run his eye over your freshman figure—not altogether disapprovingly, either. No wonder you mop your brow; it was a mighty moment. Now aren't you glad I instead of your father came with you? Your father gives you some of the advantages of a college education, but he couldn't have done that. I believe you respect me more than you ever did before. A proud moment, Dick; only bear up to morrow if he forgets all about it, for all freshmen look alike to seniors, and think of how many more important things such a senior has on his mighty mind. Just think, Dick, some day you will be a senior yourself, but never, even if your wildest dreams are fulfilled, will you feel so great and grand as that plump boy seems to you at this moment. Oh well, there are worse ideals.

Here we are on the campus. Makes you feel all sorts of queer things just to walk along under these elms, doesn't it? Does me every time I come back. At some colleges they call it yard, but it's a goodly place whether there's enough of it to call it a campus or not. Look at 'em all scurrying along with their fathers and mothers.

They do look alike somehow, even if you can't see it. That is because they all are alike in being freshmen. There are the people we saw while getting your lamp shade. The father is giving the boys some advice. I saw him this morning while they were up in Examination Hall. I don't know how the boys were making out, but the old man's hand shook so he couldn't light his cigar; I had to help him; that's how we got acquainted. He says he's a sixty-one man, a Southerner left college to fight for the Confederacy like lots of others; hasn't been back since; and now he can't get away—meant to go home Monday, been putting it off at every train since. The combination of seeing his Alma Mater and leaving his sons—they are all he's got left, he says—is too much for him. Oh, there'll be some pretty homesick parents to-night, I tell you, whether their boys are homesick or not. Think of the prayers that will be going up all over the country to-night, so many different prayers—all so much alike. But, of course, I can't make you think about that just now. I don't blame you; it *is* pretty fine, walking up under these groined arches and through this echoing courtway, with the remarkable feeling that your feet have a right to echo there.

And now, Dick, now that you are here at last, what are you going to do with yourself?—be a young fool or brace up and be a credit to the family? Oh, I just wanted to know; you needn't drop your eyes and look that way. I may be an old grad., but I'm young enough to know it wouldn't do any good to give you gratuitous advice. Turn around and look back at your classmates. Some of these fellows—perhaps that little chap with the big brow—are to be your close companions for four years, and you may as well begin to get acquainted with their faces at once. Some of those you hate in freshman year will be your best friends before you get through with each other. You'll never get so well acquainted with any other set of men throughout all your life as with this variegated assortment now passing by.

Yes, that's your bell, but you've plenty of time. It'll ring for seven minutes. In a few weeks you'll be so hardened to it that when it rings for morning chapel you'll stay in bed until it's half way through ringing, then jump into a sweater and a pair of trousers and run downstairs three steps at a time and swing on your coat on the way down; tie your necktie on the way across the quadrangle and your boots during the prayer. Some people think that's very sloppy, and no doubt it is, but they thought it picturesque when they read about the same thing in Verdant Green. But he was at Oxford, and the book is a classic. There are worse things than being slightly sloppy during these four years. They ought to be quite distinct from all other years before and after, whatever else they are or are not. The chances are you'll be influenced quite enough by conventionality and what people think when you get away from here; besides, if four years of rollicking freedom such as you get at college can spoil you, the chances are that you aren't much good, anyhow.

Look at them from away back there by the gate, big fellows and little fellows, dark ones and light ones, fine-looking lads and young men who are very otherwise, provincial city youths from New York and green jays from the West. Here comes a matured-looking young man who has knocked about the big world a bit before coming to this little world to get what the big one could not give him. And look, here comes a mere child, so young that his body has not grown up to his colt like legs and his features haven't found themselves. And they all have something to teach you, Dickie, every one of them. Who was it—Emerson?—who said a boy comes to teachers for his education, but it's the other pupils who educate him? And I hope—but you aren't thinking about their teaching possibilities; you are hoping that they will like you. That's all right; it's a worthy ambition. Every normal man in this procession shares it. I always look askance at people who profess to despise popularity. I knew a man in college who used to say he did, though how he was in a position to judge of popularity I couldn't see. He tried to make himself as well as the rest of us think he meant it, but I noticed that when any one out of pity took him up for a while he liked it so much that it always ended by his proving a nuisance to the one who tried to be decent to him—gave more than was bargained for, like a lonely dog which jumps up and licks you in the face when you only wanted to pat him. But remember, Dick, that it's much better to be loved by a few firm friends for what you really are than to be liked by many acquaintances for what you seem to be.

No, that stalwart young man is not an upperclassman—you'll learn to tell at a glance what class they belong to in a few days; he's a freshman like yourself. Only, he's an important freshman, and you are not. He's from a large prep. school near by, and has learned a great many things about college life, a course which is not taught by the masters or laid down in the curriculum. He is an athlete and a promising career for him is already outlined, in theory, but look out! A little prominence is a dangerous thing. In freshman year a man's position is given to him by his reputation; in senior year he *takes* his proper place with his character. What a man seems to be cuts lots of ice at first; but what he really is wins out at the finish.

Ah, here *is* an upperclassman—of a certain sort. What do you think of him, Dick? Why do you smile? That Norfolk jacket is a corker; don't you like those padded shoulders? Don't you admire his bulldog? And certainly he had a pretty face despite the deep, dark, devilish look of dissipation. "A paper sport" you call him? A good phrase, and I'm glad you are so discriminating. I'm afraid it would gall him if he knew a mere freshman saw through him. I hope you'll keep on smiling at his sort, and I believe you will, but at the same time after you have been here for a while and have begun to feel your oats you will begin to feel like sowing a few wild ones. I don't believe it will be because you are "in with a fast crowd and cannot say No." Most of that talk is such Tommy-rot. I never found it hard to say No, nor will you nor any one else but the weakest weaklings. What nonsense! "Evil companions," moreover, respect you for it—if you say it out loud. They are a pretty manly lot, even the worst of them. When I did things I was not sent to college for it was because I wanted to, and Dick—well, never mind, I'll speak of that later.

Here comes another upperclassman, a man of high and holy purpose, I'll bet; earning his own way through college, no doubt, to become a missionary or something good. You probably wish his back wasn't so awfully stiff. He does look as though he felt disappointed at not being considered a hero for the "grim determination" with which he sticks to his "high purpose despite adversity," but so many fellows earn their living in college that they are no longer treated as heroes or want to be.

And here, closing up behind him and making a convenient contrast for me to preach about, is young Dashwood, of the

famous Dashwood family. You may recognize the nose. Watch the contrast now as he passes the high and holy purpose. Dashwood has the complacency and conceit of all that snobbish—hello, er—well, that's one on me isn't it, Dick? I beg their pardons, both of them. I really had no idea the democratic spirit of the place was potent enough to affect a Dashwood. It's only temporary, though I fear. When he is graduated the outside world will produce its effect upon him. I fear it has to some degree on me, Dick. It'll do me good to get back here oftener, I believe. Didn't I tell you they were a pretty fine lot on the whole, these clean cut, straight-from-the-shoulder American young men! I've simply been picking out the exceptional, bad ones so as to point a moral You can't blame me for that altogether

Here we are at chapel already. And here comes the academic procession. Stand aside and let them pass in first. A certain amount of pomp and ceremony are necessary, even in America, to the plain living and high thinking of cloistered seclusion. It must be fun to wear those impressive gowns and pretty colored hoods, and they do no harm to you or me. Well, well, here you are, about to begin your freshman year, and somehow I haven't been able to say anything to you Yes, that's the president. I hope you will study a little, Dick, even if you desire to devote yourself to graceful loafing. You can do it so much more gracefully and comfortably if, first, you study hard in freshman year. That will give you a start and a reputation which will last you through the other three. But if you should loaf this year you'd have a handicap and a reputation—that you might never shake off. There was Charlie MacMurdoch, the old baseball captain; he braced up wonderfully and became the hardest student in the class, but he was a baseball player, and one of the professors of science—there he is with the doctor's hood—kept on conditioning him out of habit. They try to be fair, but professors are human, many of them. There was the old General of my day, professor of German. He's dead now lasted through two foreign revolutions and one American war, with narrow escapes from prison on the eve of execution and all that sort of thing, only to die of apoplexy one day on a New York ferryboat, like a mere corpulent commuter. The old General was very human, and the way Jimmy Westerfield, a classmate of mine, used to get around him was beautiful. There was an offensively studious man in the class, who wasn't human at all; used to spring from his seat energetically when called upon to recite and rattle off decisions in a glib, self-righteous manner which was very irritating to all of us, especially the low-stand men. Jimmy saw that the manner and the strident voice bothered the General as much as any of us. So whenever the glib man made a slight mistake, which was easy enough to tell from the expression on the General's face, Jimmy would look suddenly pained and swear in a sad, discouraged way, most captivating to the virile old campaigner, who would beam on Jimmy and say, "You must bear wiz him Mr. Festervield; you must bear wiz him" Westerfield was invariably given a first and was offered an instructorship in German at the end of the year, and——

Yes, that was the last of the academic procession. I don't know why I am telling you stories. It's time for you to go in. I'll have to take my train back to the city. You are now your own master. You have more freedom than you ever had in your life. What are you going to do with it? As sure as you and I are looking at each other's eyes you are going to do things you'll wish you had not done before the final academic procession of your college course. They may be little, harmless things, they may be rather big and black. If you have a sincere desire to make a fool of yourself you now have copious opportunities; and nothing I can say could keep you from it. So all I have to say to you is this: Make a fool of yourself if you must, but for Heaven's sake do it honestly Don't pretend to be what you are not. Don't be a paper sport. You won't fool anybody, not even yourself. And you won't get any fun out of it. Do something or other for all you are worth. That is the only way men make the football team. That's the only way anybody gets any zest or any fun out of anything in college life or any other kind of life. Wake up, be alive, get busy. I'd almost rather have you sow wild oats than none at all. Good by; I'll take a trip from town to talk it over with you any time you want me to—maybe I'll come before you send for me. Good by, good-luck, run along, get busy, God bless you

HEIDELBERG

A CORPS DRILL

By Molly Elliot Seawell

STOSSTAN! Heidelberg liebe!" begins the great drinking song of the Heidelberg Burschen, or student body, and every stanza ends with this line, roared out with all the diabolical energy of student lungs

Free is the Bursch

Free it is, in theory—the students having formally, and from time immemorial, declared themselves to be "Sons of the Muses," and subject to no law, human or divine, except those made by the student body. In lieu, however, of the laws of life and property by which mere common mortals are loosely and indifferently regulated, the Burschen have made a code of their own, comprehensive and minute to the last degree This code is obeyed with a strictness that makes the administration of Dionysius the Tyrant appear like that of the principal of a young ladies' boarding-school. First and foremost is a terrific set of regulations known as the Beer Commers, in which rules are precisely given for beer drinking, beer tournaments, and everything which pertains to the first half of a student's business—drinking The second half—fighting—is likewise governed by Draconian laws

These laws, it must be remembered, are only binding upon the corps students, which are scarcely half of the whole number, but these corps students claim to represent the whole body official; and, technically, every member of a corps is noble. To them the other students are simply "Wilden"—wild men. The rest of mankind are Philistines

They not only have a code but a language of their own—and more than one scrap of Heidelberg slang has crossed the water and become naturalized in America. One is the word "mucker," which is defined to be "a

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sanctimonious person, one who sits and broods timidly like a hen turkey sitting on her eggs." Of course, a reading man at Heidelberg is a mucker; but the corps students, in spite of Saturday night "Commers," and fighting on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, sometimes manage to acquire on the sly as much knowledge as a mucker.

The four or five years a German spends at a university is, in these days, the only breath of liberty he has during his whole life. From the time he enters the gymnasium until he begins his university course he is in leading-strings. When he leaves the university it is his fate ninety-nine times out of a hundred, either to begin an official existence, in which he is bound hand and foot with red tape, or else to enter one of the learned professions, in which the state looks after him like a nurse after a toddling infant. Therefore the word liberty is the one oftenest in a German student's mouth. But it may be doubted if he knows what it really means. He claims the freedom of a Bursch—but the Burschen rules him with a rod of iron. At least, though, he thinks he has liberty in his Bursch days—and that is something.

In the way of songs the German student has a treasure unapproached by any student body in the world. Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Korner, Scheffel, and other of the noblest geniuses in Germany have proudly and gladly made these songs for the youth of Germany. Instead of the inane drivel of American college songs, these German lyrics, set to exquisite airs, tell of love, of romance, of courage, and, above all, of liberty. Korner's splendid Sword Song and Battle Hymn are great favorites. Korner himself was a German student who gave his life in battle at twenty-three years of age. Uhland's ballads are much sung, especially that touching one beginning:

"Over the Rhine three students went
To Dame Wirthin's Inn their steps were bent

"'Dame Wirthin hast thou good ale and wine
And where's that beautiful daughter of thine?

"'My ale and wine are good and clear
My daughter lies on her funeral bier.'"

In drinking to the memory of a dead comrade they sing this verse:

"And of our brethren is there one departed—
By pale Death summoned in his bloom?
We weep, and wish him peace, all saddest-hearted:
Peace to our brother's silent tomb
We weep and wish that peace may dwell
In our dear brother's silent cell!"

And there is another which often echoes sweetly among the woods and rocks of Heidelberg:

"Think oft, ye brethren,
Think of the gladness of our youthful prime,
It cometh not again—that golden time."

And Arndt's noble lyric is often heard ringing out:

"Where is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Prussian-land? Is't Swabian-land?
Is't where on Rhine the red grapes hang?
Where o'er the Baltic sea mews clang?
Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!
His Fatherland must wider go."

The songs ring with liberty, and time was when the German universities indeed sowed the seeds of liberty. Before Germany came under the heel of militarism the student body loved freedom, and claimed as well as proclaimed it.

Whenever they deemed their rights invaded they fearlessly ordered a Marching Forth. They assembled in a body and paraded the streets shouting "Burschen, come forth!" No student dared disobey this peremptory call. It was a mandate not lightly issued, and it was absolutely obeyed. They usually marched out into the country and encamped. When things had reached this pass the civil authorities were obliged to treat with them. Only in the last extremity were the military called out, because the soldiers and the students were sworn and traditional enemies, and, when collisions occurred, the students fought so fiercely that sometimes the troops were worsted. Sixteen or eighteen hundred young men from the flower of the German youth, all expert swordsmen, were a dangerous body even for veteran cavalry, which was the only arm that custom permitted to be used against them. The outbreaks happened repeatedly, especially in 1848, but after Bismarck's iron hand closed upon Germany its influence became very obvious at the German universities. Bismarck himself feared the influence of the universities upon his mediæval policy, and grumbled much at

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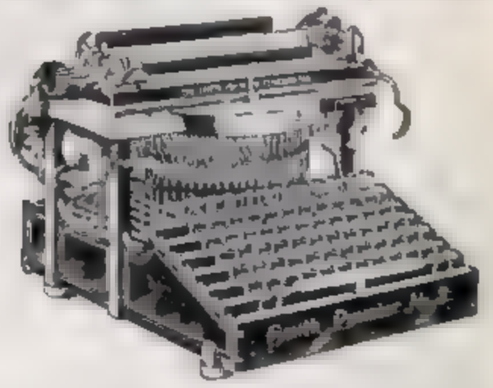

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the increase of students, and especially the number from the middle classes

However, the students now only sing and shout for liberty. They may beat the town police, revile the civic fathers, and indulge in other student pranks, but let a Prussian soldier appear and the student roars as mildly as any sucking dove. Of course the students and the police are natural enemies. In Heidelberg, as in other German university towns, the students are only amenable to the university courts, and a policeman, arresting a student, can only hold him until he can be handed over to a university beadle, called in student language "a poodle"; nor is a student liable for any civil or criminal offense until he has been first tried before the university court. For minor sins he is put in the university prison. Six weeks in one term spent in the university prison entitles him to the honor of a cell in the fortress. For anything more serious than this he is handed over to the civil authorities.

It is, of course, a student's ambition to spend a part of his time in the "Carcer," or students' prison. This consists of three or four rooms in the garret of the Chief Poodle's house. These rooms are named, respectively, Solitude, Palais Royal, Sans Souci, and The Hole. Nearly every student who enjoys the Chief Poodle's hospitality leaves behind him, on the walls and furniture, some memento of his sojourn. Over the door one unfortunate has carved those mighty words that Dante says are inscribed over the gates of Hell: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Another, who doubtless made a night of it and was arrested therefor, has frescoed upon the stone, "Vivat nox." A portrait of Perkeo, the patron saint of the students, decorates the wall. Perkeo, a jester at the court of the Palatines of the Rhine when they dwelt magnificently in the Castle of Heidelberg, could drink eighteen bottles of wine a day; hence the reverence in which the students hold his memory.

How Duels are Arranged and Fought

Dueling is strictly forbidden—that is to say the University authorities have fulminated a law against it as long and as precise as the curse of Ernulphus. Not only are the students forbidden to fight, but even to be spectators at a fight. And the "pauk doctor," as the young medical student is called, who sews up the cuts made by the Schlager, is ordered to give only the most necessary attention to a wounded student, and then to report the case at once to a regular practitioner. None in Heidelberg has ever had such a case reported to him in the memory of man.

Every Tuesday and Saturday morning a string of students may be seen strolling across the bridge to the Hirschgasse—literally "stag lane"—where stands a little inn with one great room. On the floor are cabalistic chalk marks. A corps can bespeak this room for two duels by this chalk mark—after that, it is obliged to give way to another corps if required. The pauk doctor is on hand with his assistants, all dressed in long white coats, the sleeves rolled up in a business-like manner. A gruesome-looking table is before them. The Mensur, or duels, have been too often described to need further mention. A "fox"—that is, a freshman—must fight three duels before he becomes a "Bursch." Occasions must be found for these duels, but this is not difficult where everybody is full of fight, and is of an obliging disposition.

The American Colony

The students can have as much social life at Heidelberg as they like. There is a season of balls at the museum, concerts in the public gardens during the summer, and the young ladies at Heidelberg are far from averse to the attentions of a dashing Bursch. The corps students are the social lions, and a lady giving an evening party cannot count it a success unless she has some of the swell corps men there. The corps students have their own ideas of what constitutes a good supper, and if even a single corps student is invited and the supper is not to his liking, it is reckoned an insult to the whole corps. There is a considerable colony of English people in the beautiful villas, embowered in roses and ivy, on those glorious heights overlooking the Neckar. American and English students receive much private hospitality in these villas. For some years after our Civil War the American students divided themselves into two hostile camps, Northern and Southern, but happily this no longer exists, and they all stand together and abuse everything on the Continent of Europe in the spirit of fervent patriotism. There is no such thing as chumming or clubbing at Heidelberg. Each student has a bedroom and sitting-room to himself, and usually dingy enough. The walls are illustrated with charcoal sketches, and the ceilings show indents and scratches, the work of Schlager practice. The sitting-room is strung around with the usual student paraphernalia. The student's breakfast of coffee and rolls is served in his rooms—his one o'clock dinner he takes at some of the numerous cafés where students most do congregate. In summer the gardens and cafés are crowded with students sitting around the little tables. The afternoon is devoted to recreation. The walks among the mountains of Heidelberg are singularly beautiful, and the typical German café, with the little tables set out under the arbors and trees, and the skittle alley at hand, are very numerous. A favorite one of these is the "Molken Cur," reached by a winding path among the trees, three hundred and fifty feet above the castle.

The old castle was inhabited in the twelfth century by Conrad of Hohenstaufen. This is the gentleman who, according to Heine, is responsible for all of the bad feeling on the part of the French against the Germans. Heine notes this national hatred of the French, and says he never could get any specific reason out of a Frenchman for it except the conduct of Conrad of Hohenstaufen in the twelfth century. The magnificent ruins of the old castle attest the hatred of the French, because it was they who, under the orders of Louis XIV. dealt the first blow at the vast structure. It was dismantled under the Grand Monarch's orders, and part of it blown up with gunpowder, to destroy its efficiency as a fortress. A century later it was struck by lightning and burned for eight days. Even this did not entirely destroy it. Its great pile of masonry seemed indestructible, and, though partly in ruins, it still stands upon its crag, a grim sentinel for the river. The broad terrace, with its sheer overhang above the Neckar, hundreds of feet below, is much the same as in the days when the English Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England and wife of the Prince Palatine, walked up and down it, weeping for her English home.

The German Shamrock

The mode of life among the students, each having his separate quarters, gives better opportunity for study than the American plan of a couple of students chumming together, and each being overrun with the visitors of the other. The German students do not "chum"—they "dedicate to each other"—that is, each presents the other with the necessary pipes, canes and such articles with a flowery inscription upon them; these, however, must be returned in kind, and the "presents" must be of precisely the same value, for your true German is no present-giver, and, though on sentiment bent, is of a frugal mind.

One view of chumming is for the students to embrace, and to say: "Be my friend, pay my debts, and marry my sister." When there is a trio of friends it is called a "clover leaf." Heidelberg is said to be the most dissipated of all the German universities, but this belongs to a class of assertions easy to make, hard to prove, and harder still to disprove. It is impossible to collect sixteen hundred young men together without outbreaks of prankishness. But the wild spirit of liberty and the union of the whole student body in carrying out its will are of times past. It is doubtful if the cry, "Burschen, come forth!" would bring half the students out at the present day—certainly not if there were a couple of Prussian soldiers standing by. Once it took a whole army corps to subdue the insurgent Burschen. As most of these young men look forward to taking a university degree as a means of entrance into official life, and as being debarred from one university debars them from all, they are naturally chary of offending officialdom.

The practice of passing from one university to another is a very common one in Germany and is called "changing saddles." One hardship is involved in "changing saddles"—the student cannot get his certificate and depart in peace until he has paid his debts.

Many of the old ceremonies not being "*Verboten*," the word most commonly seen and heard in Germany, are observed with great *éclat*, such as the torchlight processions of the students; and the students still take the privilege, when meeting in the street any beautiful young lady, of respectfully asking permission to light their pipes at her bright eyes.

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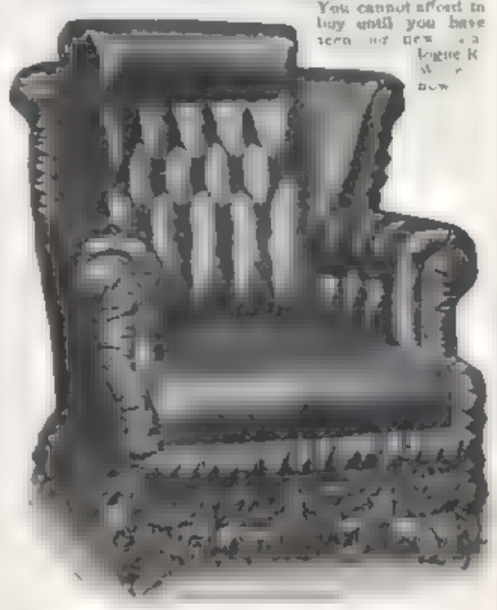

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THE REAL FRESHMAN

(Concluded from Page 4)

convinced him that the college was a sort of penal institution, with an intellectual burnish added. He believed that he was to be under surveillance and that all of his comings and goings were to be observed by watchful hawks

What needless apprehensions! It was ordained that after he had been a registered freshman for one week he should forget all about the catalogue and perhaps never look at it again, unless to gloat over his own name, his full three-linked name, in small capitals

Many of the catalogues try to give the chrysalis freshman and his doting parents an estimate of expenses. The unconscious humor of this department of the catalogue appeals most strongly to any man who has attended college. The matriculation fee, the tuition, the table board for thirty-eight weeks, the laboratory fees, the laundry bills and a stringy allowance for "incidentals" are added together and the total is supposed to represent the sum required to carry William from September to June. Under this system of calculation it can be demonstrated that William will need less than $200 to tide him over his first year. The catalogue estimate makes no provision for class and fraternity badges, mandolins and banjos, football excursions, athletic paraphernalia and the like These may not be "necessary" to William's mental welfare, but William will crave them and get them, if possible. Thus it has come about that already this autumn William's parents have become convinced that the catalogue estimate was rather low.

The term was to open on a Thursday. William, in his impatience, gave the opinion that he should have a day or two in which to "look around," secure a room, purchase his books and get his bearings, so that on Thursday morning, having become easy in his new surroundings, he could make his first free and fair attack on that towering curriculum. So William and his new trunk, in which were mathematically packed all the garments set down in the catalogue as "necessary," waited on the Hicksburg station platform. He had said his good-bys to mother at home. She had kissed him once and it was for the first time in years. He saw the water in her eyes as she said, "Be sure and write," and then he came away from the house with an oppressed sense of his own unworthiness.

John H. was waiting at the station. The embarrassing detail of tickets and a first supply of money had been arranged in private. John H. was more serious but no more emotional than of common. As the train came past the elevator and bore down upon the station he extended his right hand and said, "Behave yourself."

And then the train was clanking along between the cornfields and William was sitting beside an open window, with his new derby hat on the cushion beside him and his gaze fixed on the dim horizon, beyond which lay Atwater. The leading-strings had been cut. He was "his own boss" for the first time, with a cylinder of bills in his watch-pocket and the markets of the world inviting him to extravagance, while his father's warning still echoed, "Behave yourself."

Long before the train arrived at Atwater William had begun to study with aching inquisitiveness a group of lordly and self-possessed young men who had preëmpted one end of the car and were having a boisterous love-feast. William knew that they were Atwater men. They sang, and the high, chiming madrigal effects rose, bell-like, above the beat and clatter of the train. And once all of them turned suddenly and looked long and critically at William, and he knew intuitively that they had identified him as a freshman.

"To-night I shall be held under a pump," thought William, as he looked steadfastly at the whirling scenery and hoped that he was not blushing. Then he felt a friendly touch on the shoulder and heard a voice, "Going up to Atwater?"

William turned and found that he had a seat-mate—a being whose incomparable attire bespoke the immense superiority of upper-classdom. On his tan waistcoat gleamed a beautiful ornament—golden hieroglyphics set in enamel and rimmed with twinkling jewels

William choked, and smiled, and nodded

"My name is Clinton," said the senior and reaching down from the heights he shook hands with William and began to ask questions

Because Clinton was the first to lay hold on that trembling soul and steady it and chirk it up and reassure it, William is now a "Kappa," whereas by some other turn of Fate he might have been a "Beta," a "Phi Psi," or a "Sig."

William, friendless and alone, all at once learned that he was "Mister Greenfield," and a person whose immediate welfare deeply concerned not only Mr. Clinton, but also Mr Beecher and Mr. Howard, for the three took absolute charge of him and claimed his trunk and rode him away to a boarding-house of their selection, and inquired as to his plans and arranged to take him in tow for the first faculty reception. William dimly understood that he was in the hands of the "spikers." Flattered, thankful and yet confused by these unmerited attentions, he gave himself willingly into the hands of the "Kappas," all the time wondering if, by transfiguration, he might hope to be like them.

At future reunions it will be told with glee how Clinton, Beecher and Howard "nailed" good old Billy Greenfield before he alighted from the train and "sized" him for a good fellow, even if he was scared and green

To-day William Ellsworth Greenfield, naughty-six, walks the campus jaunty and unafraid. His undersized cap is set at a rakish angle to the perpendicular and he is learning to walk from the hips. Within him throbs the glad knowledge that he embodies the traditions of a noble brotherhood, which he acquired by fortitude of spirit and indifference to pain. Having caught pace with the other beginners, the terrors of the curriculum no longer assail him by night. As class historian he feels himself lifted an inch or two in stature, although he cannot discover that his exalted office carries with it any duties of whatever description.

His letters to Hicksburg abound with references to class rushes and team prospects and gridiron battles lost, which should have been won *if*—if the centre had not been out on account of a twisted knee and the star halfback had not been disqualified by a short-sighted faculty. Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. John H., because of their environment, cannot fully grasp the significance of these momentous developments, but they receive them with the continued hope that all is for the best. John H., when he remits, advises William to "behave himself"

Whether or not he does so strictly in accordance with Hicksburg rules, there is no reason to be discouraged as to William's case. When he goes home at Christmas-time he will be a startling revelation of the amount of "evolution" that may be crowded into fourteen weeks, when the "William" is a likely subject.

Cod-Liver-Oil Calves

SUCCESSFUL experiments are said to have been made at Yorkshire College, in England, in the feeding of calves with cod-liver oil. Not that there is hope of inducing such animals to partake of this delectable fish product on a large scale, but merely that it can be made to take the place of cream in the milk diet intended for them by nature. Supplied with plenty of skimmed milk, plus two ounces of cod-liver oil per diem the calf is satisfied and waxes fairly fat and hearty.

It will be realized that there is much economy in this idea for the farmer, who runs his milk through a separator, sells the cream, and feeds the skimmed milk to his calves, the place of the butter-fat of the cream being taken by the fish oil. The animals, it is stated, "soon get accustomed to it," and the cost per head for oil is only two cents a day.

Meanwhile a German scientist has been conducting some most interesting experiments with chickens, which he hatched and attempted to rear under germ-free conditions

To begin with, the eggs were hatched in an incubator of special construction, which was so arranged that the air entering it was sterilized—that is to say, made absolutely free from microbes of any kind. When the chicks came out of their shells they were kept in a large receptacle, with plenty of light, plenty of air, and plenty of good food. But the air supplied to them was sterilized as before. They were, in fact, the first animals ever born into the world that never had an opportunity to encounter a germ.

They died. All of them perished in early infancy, the last one succumbing at the end of the twenty-third day after hatching. They did not digest their food properly, and they suffered other troubles. Evidently they could not get along without germs.

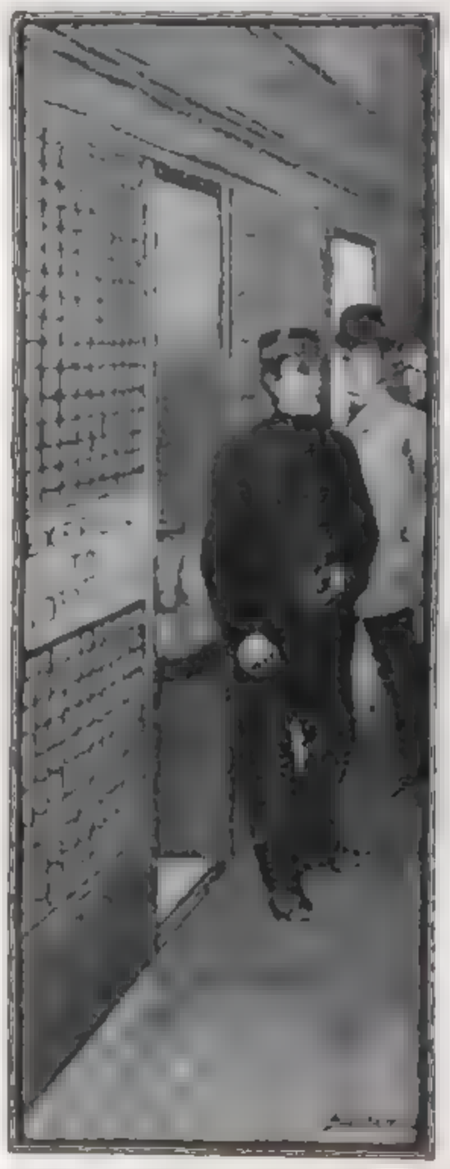
IF YOU ARE DETERMINED TO SUCCEED

your determination should be mixed with brains. Of what use to waste your strength climbing twenty flights of stairs when the elevator is running? Native cleverness is good—good for little without training. What would you expect to accomplish in sports if you did not train? What success can you expect in life without preparation? And besides the special training which is needful for every occupation worth anything, the broad foundation on which general success must rest should not be forgotten.

You cannot always be studying text-books or digesting hard, dry facts. But supposing you can find books which, while as interesting as romances, fairy tales and stories of adventure, are as profitable as the text-books? You need such books for relief from the strain of systematic study. But besides being a relief they may also be instructive For instance, what would you think of taking a rest by reading the most brilliant, thoughtful and instructive speeches, the wittiest and most entertaining addresses delivered on festive occasions during the past fifty years, by those whose names are household words? Do you think it would be a waste of time, that you would not learn much from a chat with President Roosevelt, Andrew D White, Ian Maclaren, Henry Watterson, William Ewart Gladstone, Sir Henry Stanley, and Cardinal Gibbons; or that you would fail to be amused by listening to Mark Twain, Wu Ting-fang, General Horace Porter, Chauncey Depew—and a host of others?

You Most Certainly Will Succeed, If

you go about it the right way, and that way is to prepare yourself as thoroughly as possible. Arm yourself not with one weapon, but from head to heel; and having thus armed yourself, use every weapon. The man who shuts his eyes and opens his mouth in the expectation that roasted larks will fall in, is stupid; he who takes a catapult instead of a gun is not much better. He who expects to succeed without preparation is likely to find his success limited to expectation. Andrew Carnegie, himself one of the most brilliant and striking successes of modern times, has given proof of the value he attaches to general reading. The editors of "Modern Eloquence" have, in their turn, done their best to provide material for a good foundation for success.



If you wanted to erect a house, and were told where you could get the best of material, would you not set out to get all possible information, including the opinions of those who had used it? If your address was not known to the dealer you certainly would not wait for the information to reach you in a roundabout way, simply because it would be to your interest to send for information.

Among the subjects dealt with in "Modern Eloquence" are: Success (E. W. Bok, Andrew Lang, Pinero); Character (Phillips Brooks, Starr King); Twenty-nine speeches delivered at Chamber of Commerce Banquet; Capital and Labor (Froude), Business (Conwell, C. W. Elliot, President Hadley); Causes of Unpopularity China; Civil War; Clear Grit; Commerce (Blaine, J. H. Choate, Gladstone, Seth Low, John P. Newman, James R. Lowell); Communism; Education (Maclaren, Evarts, Depew, Balfour, Hillis, Cleveland, Gov. Curtis)

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The READING TABLE

A Joke on a Joker

President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, once did battle with Chauncey M. Depew in an interchange of after-dinner speeches, and fairly bested that famous veteran of banquet oratory on the scene of so many of his triumphs. It was at a dinner held some years ago in New Haven to celebrate an inter-collegiate debating contest. Yale had won; Senator Depew was acting as toastmaster, and it was his duty to introduce President Hadley, who had been chosen to speak in behalf of the victors. The Senator arose to perform his pleasant and familiar task with all the courtly charm of manner that adds so much of polish and of poignancy to his wit. He spoke first of the rare mental power of the gentleman who was to be called upon next; he told the hackneyed tale regarding the birth of young Hadley, whose first utterance was said to have been the Greek word "erchomai," meaning "I come," in which statement the babe was immediately corrected by its father, who substituted the past form of the verb, "elthon," meaning "I have come." Taking this bit of pedantry as his text Mr. Depew made extremely merry at the expense of President Hadley and of all other men who are considered to be extraordinarily learned. He was especially merciless in ridiculing the well known failing of wise men who become so self-centred that they fail to see the importance of any happening save in so far as it affects themselves or their theories. As an apt illustration of this weakness of humanity in general, the Senator told a recent experience of his own. "It occurred," said he, 'when I was putting four new stories on the Grand Central Depot in New York. I had not been forced to give up my office in the building during the alterations, and I was seated at my desk one day finding fault with the contractor in charge because of the numerous accidents that had happened lately through the carelessness of his workmen in dropping stones and various bits of construction material on the heads of passers below. Even as I spoke a brick suddenly crashed through the window, passed within an inch of my head and buried itself in an opposite wall. 'There!' I exclaimed 'Look at that! A brick hurls itself through my window and nearly dashes out my brains. What do you say to that?' 'Oh, that's nothing,' replied the contractor; 'all damages will be repaired by us, free of charge.'

It was not an uproariously funny story, and it failed to remove the look of intense seriousness that had settled down upon the countenance of President Hadley, who arose a moment or two afterward to respond to his toast. In striking contrast to the graceful, jesting ease of the man who had preceded him he began to speak in low and almost tragic tones, employing the uncouth forearm gesture that his graceless pupils delight to imitate. "Gentlemen," said he, "we have just heard a confession so startling, so piteous, that I shrink from commenting upon it. It is a heartrending spectacle to see an honored fellow-being make public acknowledgment that his life-work has been a failure. Yet I feel that it is my unmistakable duty to call the attention of this distinguished audience to the true significance of the words it has listened to but a moment since. Chauncey M. Depew, 'Our Chauncey,' King of Raconteurs, has to-night made open confession that his anecdotes have at last received the reception that they have merited for years past. According to his own words he tried to foist four of his 'new' stories upon the Grand Central Depot in New York, and that poor inanimate object finally rebelled and threw a brick at him. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

The chorus of cheers and laughter that greeted this quick and clever misinterpretation of Mr. Depew's own words left President Hadley a triumphant victor upon the field of battle.

A Confusion of Thought

Ex President Cleveland, as is well known, is an omnivorous newspaper reader. He believes in keeping in touch with what his fellow-countrymen are doing and what they think about it. Though a subscriber to many papers it is said that he is always glad to see one more. One of his neighbors, a member of the Princeton faculty, takes a certain Chicago daily which Mr. Cleveland does not subscribe for, and last June at the time of the annual exodus this neighbor suggested that as he, the professor,

Winter Girl in crayon by Harrison Fisher

Young Girl in wash by Wm. T. Smedley

Summer Girl in wash by Henry Hutt

ARMOUR'S
Art Calendar
FOR 1903

Consists of a Winter Girl, by Harrison Fisher, in crayon, Home Girl, by Thomas Mitchell Peirce, in lead pencil; Summer Girl, by Henry Hutt, in wash; Yachting Girl, by W. T. Smedley, in charcoal; Horsewoman, by Walter Appleton Clark, in oil wash; Opera Girl, by A. B. Wenzell, in pure wash. These drawings were all made expressly for this particular use, and have been reproduced by a new fac-simile process and printed in Whatman paper effect. They possess all the value of the originals and in every respect look like sketches.

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was to be traveling all summer, his Chicago daily might be sent during the summer to Gray Gables. Mr. Cleveland accepted the offer. When they met again in the fall the professor asked him how he had enjoyed the paper

"I didn't see any of them until yesterday," said Mr. Cleveland

"Until yesterday?" inquired the professor

"Yes, I got them all in a large bunch yesterday"

What was the trouble? Had they sent them to the wrong address?

"Every one of them," said the ex-President with an interesting twinkle in his eye, "was addressed to 'The Honorable Grover Cleveland, Gray Gables, Oyster Bay, L. I.'"

A Firebrand from Illinois

A hitherto unnoticed incident of the Chicago Convention deserves publicity

During the hours preceding the making of set speeches the strife for recognition from the chairman was particularly keen. One long, lean fellow, dressed like a Methodist preacher, was even more persistent than the others. After many vain efforts to catch the chairman's eye, he began climbing over the benches, still soliciting notice. He was, perforce, recognized.

"The gentleman from Illinois has the floor," announced the chairman, and, with a rap of his gavel, silenced the crowd. Up marches Ichabod to the front of the platform, where stood a table with a glass and a pitcher of water.

"Gentlemen of the Convention," he began, "I——" And he halted and reached for the water. A few hasty gulps and he began again

"Gentlemen of the Convention, I——" Again he lost his thought and dived madly for the pitcher. The crowd was becoming restless, and when for the third time he cleared his throat and began, "Gentlemen of the Convention," nerves were on edge. The unfortunate was struggling for utterance, but his tongue would not obey him. He reached for the water, but was interrupted sadly by a voice from the gallery—a slow, distressfully sympathetic voice

"Take him to the lake."

Immediately from every bench and gallery rained unsuspected cups and buckets of water. The delegate from Illinois was literally flooded out, and for the rest of the Convention the flame of his eloquence was effectually quenched

Mr. Cortelyou's Stepping-Stone

The probable appointment of Mr. Cortelyou, secretary to the President, to the head of the new Department of Commerce brings him in the public gaze more strongly than ever. Mr. Cortelyou's rise to a Cabinet position has been rapid and unusual. There is a man out in Ottumwa, Iowa, a quiet citizen retired from active life, who by a very small act turned Mr. Cortelyou into the path which has led him steadily up to the present remarkable career. This man was entering the office of his brother in New York one day when he narrowly missed colliding with a young man whose seemingly desperately discouraged state of mind made him careless of his direction. When the gentleman stepped into the office he questioned his brother as to what he had done to the young man to cause him to be so downhearted. "I did nothing," was the answer, "except to tell him that I had nothing for him to do. He applied for work

"What can he do?"

"He is a stenographer

"Send your office-boy after him immediately," which was very quickly done, and young Mr. Cortelyou (for he it was) stood before the two men. "You are a stenographer?" was asked him

"Yes, sir."

"How soon can you go to work?

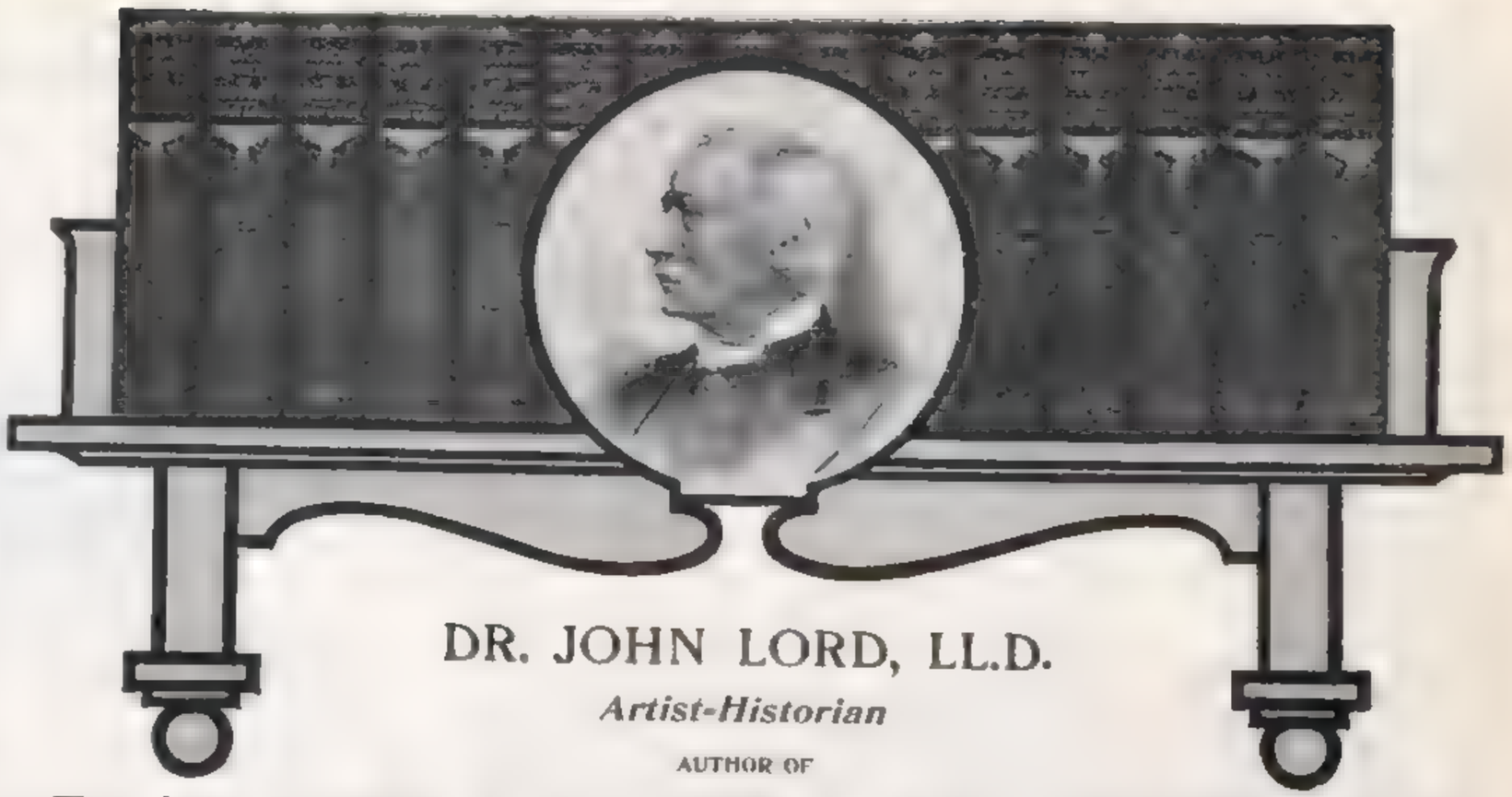
"This minute.

"All right. Hurry right over to the Post-office Department. I just left there, and while I was in the office I heard them say that they needed a stenographer badly. I think you will be in time to get the place."

It is needless to say that Mr. Cortelyou hurried. He got the place.

Natural Soda Water

In some parts of the Colorado Desert water boils up from springs so highly charged with gas that it is very difficult to keep corks in bottles filled with it. It seems queer to find in such a desert country real soda-water fountains supplied by Nature. Syrups are not furnished to order, unfortunately.



DR. JOHN LORD, LL.D.

Artist-Historian

AUTHOR OF

"BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY"

"ARTIST HISTORIAN," the unique title given by the world of letters to Dr. John Lord, is perhaps as complete a description of the man and his work as could be given in a far lengthier biography

He it was who, combining the accuracy of a Gibbon with the fascination of a Plutarch or a Prescott, has clothed the dry bones of historic annals with flesh and blood reality.

Emerson said: "There is properly no History, only Biography." Dr. Lord spent fifty years of enthusiastic research and productive energy in writing just that thing—the world's biography!

Unique among the world's writings, grand in its conception, colossal as an undertaking, marvelous in its execution, "Beacon Lights of History" has been accorded by right its place among the master-productions of all time

It is History in a new form; it is romance that is reality; it is the "human" history, the recital of the life-stories of the leaders of every age by one who unites the profundity of the Scholar, the impartiality of the Judge and the accuracy of the Historian with all the vivacity and charm of the acknowledged Wit and Raconteur

Instead of a mass of dull data, he portrays the lives of the great so that they really live, and pictures in so graphic a manner the ways in which they moulded the history of their times as to leave an impression that is indelible. One *cannot* forget the vivid scenes and stirring action with which he fills the pages.

Instead of the History of Rome with Cæsar in it, he gives us Cæsar—with Rome around him! He has chosen the most brilliant stars of civilization as subjects, and by them he illumines the whole course of history

From the dawn of recorded time he has brought his work to a natural end with the leaders of the present age—with never a lapse of that personal element, biography; never a gap in the human record; never a lessening of his hold on the interest of his readers

That the last feature is absolute, witness the years which Dr Lord spent on the lecture platform, holding spell-bound hundreds of thousands with the wonderful action and charm of these same word-pictures—spell-bound, too, in spite of a famously insignificant presence and a worse than imperfect delivery—solely because he was what his hearers called him, "Artist-Historian."

In the preparation of a single lecture Dr. Lord not infrequently read or consulted as many as 300 books. But he had the unique art of compressing into a few spirited pages the fire and stress which many, even great writers, cannot compass in a volume While the reader is carried along with the pleasant ease of fiction he gets the essence of many learned libraries

There is no educated class to whom "Beacon Lights of History" does not appeal. Specialists use it as a reference work, particularly in connection with the condensed list of authorities for further research, given at the end of each lecture. Lawyers have declared the chapter on "Moses" the ablest article on moral law they ever read, and that on Roman Jurisprudence sheds light on the whole realm of civil law

Dr. Lord's *illustrations by comparison* are a striking feature For example, he compares the Apostles Peter and Paul in certain aspects with Luther, Knox and Latimer; Mohammed, the Prophet, with George Fox, the Quaker; Michael Angelo, the daring artist, with Godfrey, the Crusader. These and hundreds of similar parallels shine brilliantly through the pages and cast their searching side-lights into unsuspected corners

"I have no time to read," say you? The very class Dr. Lord writes for! He *saves* time! His long life of labor along a single line has *winnowed the wheat from the chaff*—his peculiar gift.

In brief, Dr. Lord has been the pioneer in writing history by means of biography. The day of dry annals and formal records is past. That keen critic, Andrew Lang, writes: "Biography is the true link between the past and the present, and its universal favor is assured." The possessor of "Beacon Lights of History need have no other histories or biographies of whatever time or country, and as a profound student of Dr. Lord's work writes, *"'Beacon Lights' is destined to become as indispensable in the home of culture as is the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia."*

Over five hundred thousand volumes of the work have already been sold in its various incompleted forms—5, 8 or 10 vols—and now that it appears in its final 15 vol. form, bringing the work quite down to the present day, and with the addition of some 160 illustrations in Photogravure and Half-tone, the publishers are gratified that they are able to present the great work in a form as worthy as its enduring qualities deserve

Its scope is now as complete as its author desired when he began his labors over half a century ago, ranging from the earliest times to this very year, concluding with a masterly record of the life-work of Prof. Virchow, whose services to science bespeak his inclusion among the "Beacon Lights of History," and whose death Sept. 5th is the final recorded history in these volumes

With the issuance of the first edition of the now fully-completed "Beacon Lights of History" the publishers announce the forming of the

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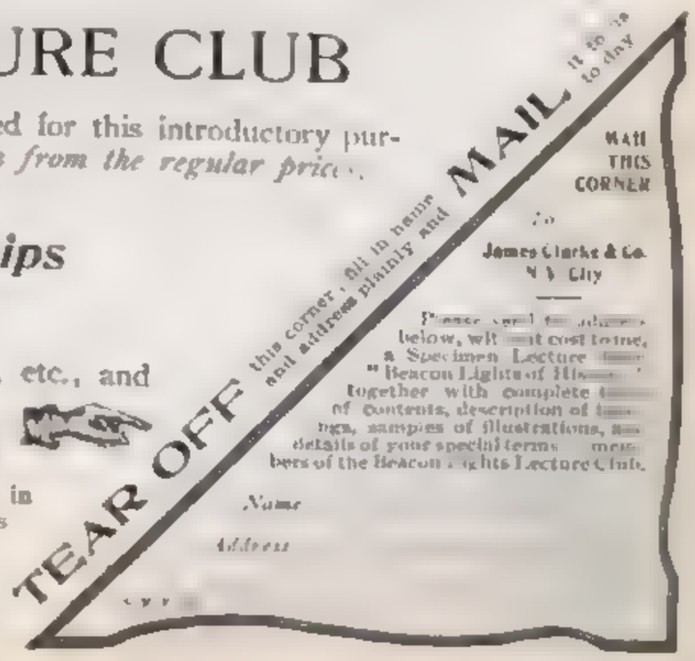
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The 'newspaper puffs,' as I used to call them (I know better now), are not one bit too strong—are not strong enough, for steadier nerves, better complexion, increased endurance and a renewed reserve fund of strength are now mine, and I cannot be too thankful. I can walk five miles without one-half as much loss of strength as when I formerly walked one.

If, in cleaning house and numerous other back breaking toils we women must do, we would all prepare a dish of Grape-Nuts instead of the old time 'cup of tea to brace up on,' one would soon see the difference

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The Open-Air Education

(Concluded from Page 2)

"He's paid his fare. He's got as good a right to ride as you have."

But the passenger played his joker.

"You'd not say that if he had smallpox. Well, I'll have to get out myself." And he walked out of the door.

"Who says I got smallpox?" roared the drunken man, furiously following the passenger to the platform, where he was seized up by the quick muscle of the West and set down in the track behind, and the car went on without him.

Here is open-air education for you, and applied just right! This man who had got his full growth made the rest of us men in that car look small. He stood head and shoulders above us in a number of ways, among which muscular strength was the least important. Indeed, it may well be that in the mere matter of throwing a man off a car there were others present as able as he. But brute force is not the point, for this can easily be developed in a gymnasium. Nor even is readiness of brain or promptness of action quite the point, though both are marks of the superior man. It was unquestionably superior (so at least I think) to play that drunken citizen like a trout and land him; to observe decorum first by an appeal to the conductor, then, after sizing up the victim, to mention smallpox and thereby instantly accomplish a whole rapid design. No tussle in the car, no fright for the ladies, the entire business dispatched neatly on the back platform! I envied him very much such brains and quickness, such perfect coördination between thought and act, I envy him to-day. But the still more precious thing which he possessed, and which I do not, was his unconscious and absolute independence. He had a mind, he made it up, he went ahead. He did not stop to look right and left at the bystanders. Let them stare if they want to! He cared not a baubee or picayune.

The Blackmail We Pay Convention

That man of the people who had got his full of growth by open-air education, who put us smoothly dressed and smoothly conducted civilians to shame, who respected the women, snubbed the conductor, and abated a nuisance, all as easy as rolling off a log, would have pleased Herbert Spencer as much as he pleased me. And into my head he has put this exclamation.

Oh, the blackmail that we pay to convention! the petty, cowardly tons of blackmail! We must not live east of a certain street because "nobody does." We must spend our summers in certain places because "everybody does." For the sake of nobody and everybody we squander dollars upon things that we do not want and abstain from other things that we very much want. The bystanders are always with us; whenever we take an unusual step we peep and squint to see how the bystanders are looking. In fact, it is chiefly through the eyes of the bystanders, and not our own, that we look at life. Thus may a man dialogue with his soul: "I question Universal Suffrage." "Better not. The crowd will hoot you." "I should like to be a Baptist." "Better not. Society is Episcopalian." "I intend to have tea instead of late dinner in summer." "You can't. Newport dines at eight-thirty." And so on from the sublime down the whole ladder; but it is all ridiculous.

Let nobody suppose that I suppose convention is an unmitigated evil. We all of us know that it is an imperative necessity; but I do not purpose to let it bleed me of my principles, my pleasures or my purse, or in any way whatever rub me out. I have seen too many people rubbed out by it.

How, then, to get rid of the bystanders? How to see things as they are and not as somebody else sees them? For the average man I recommend as much open-air education as his walk in life makes possible for him. I am claiming no panacea here, pray remember; I don't promise that thus you will become either George Washington or Emerson. But if you have noted the more humble graduates of the open air that I have here enumerated you will find that all of them show the same signs of health and independence commensurate with their several abilities; they do not get entangled in other people's opinions. And I think (unless you are like the farmer's boy) that if you frequent nature and the primitive life you will be likely to attain your full growth and grow entirely out of the reach of convention the blackmailer

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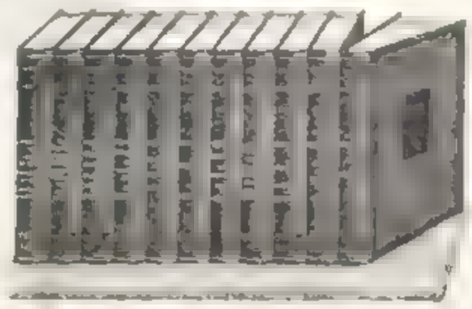

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THE BOY FOR LAY PORTE

By Charles Battell Loomis

MRS. DRAKE seldom interferes with my stories. She does not think that she can write, and she is perfectly content to run the house and keep the children away from my study and allow me to write my articles as I see fit. But when she learned that I was going to tell about the boy I met on the train coming out of Chicago she begged to be allowed to dictate an introduction to it.

"Tell them," she said, "that when you announced that you were going to Chicago Frank" (Frank is my son, twelve years of age) "begged to go with you because he had never been fifty miles from New York. Tell them," she said, "that you refused to take him because he would be an unmitigated nuisance and would make you so nervous that the trip would do you more harm than good. Tell them," she continued, "that you said you knew just how he would act; that he would insist upon eating candy and fruit on the train and would get himself all stained up and cindery, and would probably put his head out of the window and get you into such a nervous state that you would feel like sending him back alone. Don't forget to tell them," continued Mrs. Drake, "that you said you would have such a feeling of responsibility if he went along that your mind would not be free to absorb material for future stories. In short, be sure to tell them that you acted like a very selfish, nervous father and doomed poor little Frank to a disappointment that he will never forget. When he is an old man he will tell his grandchildren that the trip that made the most impression upon him was the one he didn't take to Chicago with his father when he was twelve years old."

I am willing to admit that I am sorry I did not take the boy along, and so I set down this wrung confession in the nature of penance. But one of my chief reasons for not taking the boy along was lest he might worry the other passengers.

And now that I have begun there is really not so much to tell about the other boy. It's just a sketch, but he made such an impression on me that I want to show his portrait to others.

I made my way to Chicago, transacted my business there, and the time having come to return I made my way to my train and was soon comfortably seated near a window.

I was closely followed by a woman who was acting as convoy to a smallish boy with a very bright, handsome face and eyes that will be worth a fortune to him, they are so honest.

He and his bag and baskets were deposited in the seat in front of me and then the woman left him to his fate, kissing him good-by and telling him to be sure not to be carried by La Porte, Indiana.

As soon as he found himself alone he looked here and there for a friendly face, and at last he turned around and, looking at me, he winked. And I, who like boys—have I not one of my own?—winked back at him.

That was enough of an introduction for him. He instantly produced a large fat, luscious plum and offered it to me. I accepted it unhesitatingly glad to find the young gentleman so generous, and acting on the principle that it is wrong to thwart kindly instincts.

"Goll! I wish I could get to the peaches," said he, turning around in the seat so that he could see me more easily. "The peaches are all at the bottom of the basket and I like 'em better'n plums."

I had some peaches with me and I offered him one, and it did me good to see him get away with it. It was a ripe, juicy fellow and the juice ran down his chin like the oil on Aaron's beard, but he licked as far as he could reach and used his coat-sleeve for the rest. A real, live boy. None of your nagged children who have been brought up to act like prigs.

"How old are you; ten?" said I, almost certain that I was guessing accurately but his face took on an injured air as he said "Twelve." He was [illegible] but he was much smaller.

The train soon started and then I wanted the window open and as I was sitting on the [illegible] strong. I opened it and got [illegible] cinders in my face, but I did not mind that, he seemed so happy. He was a *real*, live boy. Soon he put his head away out and I ventured to say that that was rather dangerous, but he answered "Pooh," and did it again, only this time he got a cinder in his eye, so after that he covered his face up in his jacket, which he had taken off as soon as he had ensconced himself, and thus protected not only from the cinders but also from light and air, he stayed with head out of the window in a pure spirit of bravado. His head might be knocked off the next minute, but he didn't care. He evidently knew a lot of boys who would be willing to put a head on him for nothing.

Tiring of the cat-in-a-bag game, he attacked the fruit basket again and made his way to the stratum of peaches. Again he offered me fruit and again I accepted, and while I was eating one plum he was eating three peaches and wiping his hands on his hair. That last touch I thought delightful, although Mrs. Drake tells me that I once shut Frank up in a dark closet for doing the same thing. Her memory is sometimes better than mine—or perhaps it is unconsciously inventive.

Another small boy had been attracted to my side, possibly by the plenteousness of fruit, and number one offered him a plum.

"Nope," said number two with that contempt for friendly forms that so distinguishes childhood.

"Have a peach, then," said the purveyor of fruit, digging into the basket, and the way that small boy's hand came out to grab showed that his distaste for purple plums did not extend to the bloom-covered pink and white freestones.

"Much you think I paid for this bamboo rod?" said the boy in front.

Mrs. Drake says that I have utterly subdued the tendency to make me guess that existed in my Frank. Be that as it may, I put a high price on the rod and said "Fifty cents?"

My lack of candor was well repaid, for Master Bob—that was his name—told me with a very superior air, "Nope, only a quarter. Guess you don't know much about prices."

I hid my tremendous confusion by calling to the train boy who was passing with a tray of candy and I bought a box of caramels. Mrs. Drake says that I will never allow my boy to eat on a train, and that I have condemned the practice as vulgar. Where she gets her memory for facts I don't know.

I opened the box and passed the candy around, taking one myself, just to be sociable, but Bob refused the sweets with the same kind of "Nope" that had been accorded the proffer of the plum.

"Don't you like candy?" I asked, feeling that here was a *rara avis*. Master Jim at my side had taken three [illegible] at one fell swoop.

"Hate it," said Bob, twisting his handsome face into a disgusted *moue*.

"Well, what kind of boy *are* you?" said I, much disappointed and mentally wishing that my boys hated it also.

"Oh, I had all I wanted once. I worked a week in a candy store and they let us eat as much as we wanted. Goll, I got so sick that I never want to see another candy. But I like fruit."

I should say he *did* like fruit. To my certain knowledge he had eaten a dozen plums and six peaches. He offered me another, but I politely declined. I have not the capacious stomach that was mine when a boy.

A queer smile overspread his roguish face. "Aunt Molly told me not to eat any of the fruit. It's a present to mamma."

Imagine my feelings. I felt like a receiver of stolen goods, but Bob didn't seem to care. "What's the odds?" said he; "got to do something."

"What'll you tell your mother?" said I, feeling sure that I was now going to hear an avowal of contemplated mendacity.

He laughed. "Tell her I ate 'em." Then he added, "She'll be so glad to see me she won't scold."

This surprising knowledge of mother nature on his part nearly upset my gravity, but I controlled my features.

Whistling between his teeth, he took another peach.

I felt I ought to admonish him now. "Better leave some for your mother. Isn't she fond of fruit?"

I had touched the right chord. "Yes, she is," said he, putting the peach back just as it was with a large and juicy bite in its cheek. "I forgot about that. She just *loves* fruit."

The repast now being over he must do something else to amuse himself, and he began thrusting his fishpole out of the window quickly and fearfully, as if he expected to knock over a telegraph pole.

"If that hits anything the other end'll slew around and strike that baby across the aisle," said I. Mrs. Drake says that the rod would have gone out of the window to stay out if Frank had been at the other end of it, but I really think she is unjust. Boys must be allowed some latitude, and there really was little danger that he would hit anything as we were on the right-hand side of the car.

The boy on my right was a quiet little fellow and he was immersed in a weekly that I had given him to look at, but Bob was not quiet a moment. When he had tired of trying to catch telegraph poles he hailed the train boy who was passing through with papers and called for the Chicago Tribune with the air of a sixty-year-old. Two minutes sufficed to possess him of all its contents, and then his generous instincts asserted themselves once more and he turned to me with, "Want to look at it? Not much in it. Never is on Monday."

Of course this last was an imitation of his father, but the generosity and good feeling were his own and I borrowed the paper, although I had already read my own. When I had finished a cursory examination of the headlines I handed it back with thanks and he began to tear it up and throw it out of the window, once causing a skittish horse in a meadow to kick up his heels and canter madly away. His boyishness so pleased me that I felt like adopting him.

Mrs. Drake wants me to say that if I had adopted him I should have taken no more pleasure in his pranks, but should have tried to reduce him to a dead level of commonplaceness by a lot of absurd rules. Is it possible that she knows me better than I do myself? I am *certain* that I should never have tried to repress such a breezy nature as Bob's. He is entirely different from my boy, who is only half descended from my forebears and who has other-family peculiarities that need trimming.

But to return to Bob. The paper having disappeared in gusty clouds that whisked past my window at cyclonic speed, he felt in his pockets and pulled out two cents. He looked at them and then at me, and then a mischievous gleam passed over his face and he tossed a cent out of the window.

"What did you do *that* for?" said I, amazed indeed.

"I don't know," said he with a gay laugh, and then the second cent followed suit.

"If everybody did that it would be worth while to walk on the railroad track," said I.

"You bet," said he excitedly, and then feeling in his jacket pocket he pulled out some papers and a Sunday-school card and a lead pencil, and they shared the fate of the cents.

"Why'd you throw the pencil away?"

"Too short," said he. His eyes danced with mischief, and if his hat had not been in the rack I think he would have thrown that out, too.

I stared at him in amazement. "I'll wager you haven't any money in the bank," said I. I thought that I knew the type: the generous, devil-may-care spendthrift style of boy who would never amount to anything on account of his recklessness and tender-heartedness.

"I have twenty dollars saved up," said he. "Mom don't know it, either."

"How did you make it? Chickens?" said I. I suddenly decided that his money throwing was due to excitement and not to wastefulness.

"No, I live in a city," said he with very fine scorn. "I sold papers and worked a week in a candy store in vacation and coddied for golf some."

From time to time he had broken out in little ejaculations concerning the landscape whenever we passed a pretty spot. I did not suppose that live boys cared for views, but he did and there was no posing in his enthusiasm. He now discovered a landmark that he knew and his eyes danced with delight. "We're coming to Lay Porte," said he.

I thought to spring a little sentiment on him. "It'll be a long time before I see *my* home," said I. "I've nearly nine hundred miles to go yet. I wish you were going with me."

"Well, I don't," said he frankly. "Two hours is about all I want. Goll! A feller can't do anything on a train." He had been feeling in the hip pocket of his knickerbockers as he spoke and he now pulled out a whistle and blew it. Every one in the car looked around. I nearly choked with laughter. The boy at my side roused from his magazine, and the boy nature in him wakened as he said, "Le's blow it. Gee, but that's a crackerjack."

Generous Bob handed it to him and he blew a blast even shriller than the first. An old man three seats in front of me frowned and turned around, saying sharply, "Stop that devilish noise."

I was astonished at him. The boys were not his? Why should he worry at the noise? I am willing to admit the truth of Mrs. Drake's remark that if the boys had been mine I should have thrown the whistle out of the window and threatened to spank them, but these were just two happy boys on their way home and they didn't belong to anybody in the car. Why begrudge them their holiday expression of feeling?

Bob was now so excited that I felt La Porte was necessary if we wished to preserve the integrity of the car. He looked at the baby across the aisle as if he would like to pitch her out of the window just for the fun of it. His cheeks glowed red and his eyes danced with excitement. He was the picture of a handsome, wide-awake American, and I was proud of him.

Just then the brakeman called out La Porte and I helped Master Bob get his traps together and saw him as far as the station platform.

There was a thin, sour, nervous little dried-up man with an acidulously expectant look upon his face standing on the platform, and in spite of his contrast to the healthy boy I knew at a glance that he was Bob's father.

As soon as Bob saw him he uttered a little shriek of welcome, perfectly boyish and eminently natural, but his father instead of clasping the splendid boy to his arms and kissing him, said with much irritation, "Stop that. I'd rather hear it thunder. Why didn't you come home yesterday? This settles your going off on visits."

A hard look came into Bob's face and he said very distinctly and very undutifully, "Oh, dry up!" and slouched along by his father's side as different in bearing from the boy whose high spirits had so enlivened my trip as if he had come from another world.

As the train moved off and I saw them go away together I wondered why it is that some parents do not seem to appreciate their own sons, and I wished that my boy were due to come aboard at the next station.

The Domain of Despair

THERE are various kinds and degrees of deserts in this country, but the most utterly hopeless are found in the so-called Great Basin, between the Rockies and the Sierras. This is a vast region of deserts, with here and there an area where Nature in prankish mood seems actually to have made an effort to produce spectacular effects of horror. From the Wasatch Mountains to the Sierra Nevada extends a ghastly stretch of territory, which is intersected by a series of high mountain ranges, running parallel north and south, with valleys between.

A bird's-eye view of the landscape shows three principal ranges, two of which are known as the Amargosa and Panamint, and between these is Death Valley, so called because it is the very abode of death.

Imagine a narrow strip of arid plain, shut in between two mighty mountain walls, the peaks stretching up to 10,000 feet into a burning sky. The surface of this plain, which is 175 feet below sea level, is a mere crust of salt and alkali, through which a ridden horse breaks up to his knees into a horrid paste that eats both hair and hide.

A gray haze that never lifts makes everything indistinct and puzzling to the view. No vegetation is to be seen save a very scanty sagebrush, with leaves that are not green, but gray, and here and there a sort of cactus that grows to five or six feet in height, with extended branches. It is called the "dead man," because in the night each stalk looks like a corpse by the wayside.

But the supreme horror of the place is the heat, which is unspeakable. There is a breeze, but it is so scorching hot as to blister your face. Streams flow from springs down toward the valley, but never reach it, because the heat dries them up on the way.

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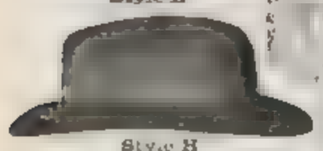

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The Romance of Thomas Skilhew

(Concluded from Page 8)

other eyes besides hers took unsympathetic note of his spoiled and shapeless garments, as Minerva silently motioned that he should follow her through the crowd at the counters. The General thought rapidly as he made the fifty feet to the curtain at the rear. Minerva drew it aside for him to enter. A roll-top desk stood upon a warm, soft rug in the glow from a lavish fire. The General had regained his old-time self-possession. He had decided not to be cross, not to speak one word of reproach. Instead, he smiled and threw himself into the chair at the desk.

"Well, my plum," he said cheerily, putting his hat down; "anything that requires my immediate attention?"

"Yes," said Minerva, in the hard voice of trade. "I've got a porter who knows just what to do with you. You are dead, Tommy; and I want you to remember that this is a business establishment, and not a churchyard. Here's your hat."

"But, darling," said the General rising, with a nervous contraction of the glottis, "I've come to marry you, dear!"

"No, thanks," said Minerva, surveying the effects of wind and weather upon his once immaculate array; "I guess you've been in the water too long for me. In a matrimonial way, Tommy, you always was a ghost. So, good-by, now!" she said, jerking back the curtain with a jeweled hand

Eight faces sent a cold chill through the opening. A tall cockney, with Minerva Grymes, Ltd., in gold letters on his cap, stood with seeming expectancy at the side of Paprika General Skilhew's eyes blinked, and he looked twice up at the ceiling

"'Nervy, dear," he said in a diminished voice, "it's pretty raw outside. Couldn't I take my wig?"

No!" said Minerva. "It's the only thing you left us when you died. Atkins!" she called commandingly, beckoning to the gold letters.

The warm sun glinting through the leaves of spring, the breath of perfumed air, the invitation of the deep-green meadows—I shall soon feel them. We are in America again and I am in a Flushing Avenue electric car, and we are safely past the gas works on our way to the ferry. And it is General Skilhew who rings up my nickel and stands on my toes, requesting the vulgar crowd to move up forward. He has tasted wealth, and now he knows its emptiness, and so in summer he sometimes takes such light employment as this, to put in fourteen hours of the lengthy days, and in winter he makes foot tours in the South.

If the Nine Sisters have not weathered the high rentals of Bond Street the Remedy flourishes in survival of them; and the price is still within reach of any one who is in earnest. Confound this Remedy with no other; for I should like to say that The Skilhew Restorer—owned by Minerva Grymes—contains no injurious ingredients whatever, but is entirely a vegetable compound; and if you still fear that it may have some effect that will be harmful to your hair, I give you my word that it will have absolutely none

Life's Tragedy

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

IT MAY be misery not to sing at all
And to go silent through the brimming day
It may be sorrow never to be loved,
But deeper griefs than these beset the way

To have come near to sing the perfect song
And only by a half tone lost the key,
There is the potent sorrow, there the grief,
The pale, sad staring of life's tragedy

To have just missed the perfect love,
Not the hot passion of untempered youth,
But that which lays aside its vanity
And gives thee, for thy trusting worship, truth—

This, this it is to be accursed indeed;
For if we mortals love or if we sing
We count our joys not by the things we have,
But by what kept us from the perfect thing.

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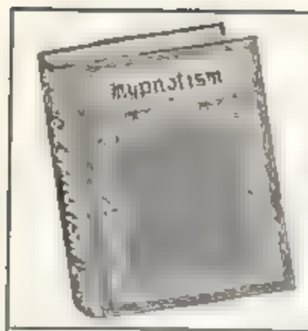

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IMPERTINENT POEMS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

(I) YOU TOO

DID you ever make some small success
And brag your little brag,
As if your breathing would impress
The world and fix your tag
Upon it, so that all might see
The label loudly reading, "ME!"
And when you thought you'd gained the height
And, sunning in your own delight,
You preened your plumes and crowed "All right!"
Did something wipe you out of sight?
Unless you did this many a time
You needn't stop to read this rime

When I was mamma's little joy
And not the least bit tough,
I'd sometimes whop some other boy
(If he were small enough),
And for a week I'd wear a chip,
And at the uplift of a lip
I'd lord it like a pigmy pope
Until, when I had run my rope,
Some bullet-headed little Swope,
Would clean me out as slick as soap.
No doubt you were as bad, or worse,
Or else you had not read this verse.

All women were like pics print
When I was young and wise;
I'd read their very souls by dint
Of looking in their eyes.
And in those limpid souls I'd see
A very fierce regard for me
And then — my, my, it makes me faint! —
Peroxide and a pinkish paint
Gave me the hard, hard heart-complaint.
I saw the sham, I felt the taint,
Yet if she'd put me once or twice,
I'd follow like a little fyce.

I never played a little game
And won a five or ten
But, presto! I was not the same
As common makes of men
Not Solomon and all his kind
Held half the wisdom of my mind
And so I'd swell to twice my size,
And throw my hat across my eyes,
And chew a quill and wear red ties,
And tip you off the stock to rise
Until, at last, I'd have to steal
The baby's bank to buy a meal.

I speak as if these things remained
All in the perfect tense.
And yet I don't suppose I've gained
A single ounce of sense
I scoff these tales of yesterday
In quite a supercilious way,
But by to morrow I may bump
Into some newer game and jump!
You'll think I am the only trump
In all the deck until kerslump!
Unless you'll do the same some time,
Of course you haven't read this rime

Poor time has its ending

Good time has its beginning

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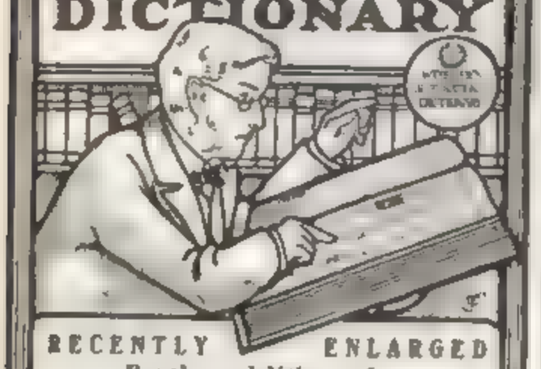

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Tea-Table Talk (No. 6)

By JEROME K. JEROME

BUT what is her reason?" demanded the Old Maid.

"Reason? I don't believe any of them have any reason. The Woman of the World showed signs of being sort of temperamental. A condition of affairs startlingly unusual to her. 'Says she hasn't enough work to do' really servants are becoming impossible.

"The present result of woman," remarked the Minor Poet, "will be looked back upon by the historian of the future as one of the chief factors in our social evolution. The 'Home'—the praises of which we still sing, but with gathering misgiving—depended on her willingness to live a life of practical slavery. When Adam delved and Eve span—Adam confined his delving to the space within his own fence, Eve staying her spinning-wheel the instant the family hosiery was complete—then the home rested upon the solid basis of an actual fact. Its foundations were shaken when the man became a citizen, and his interests expanded beyond the domestic circle. Since that moment woman alone has supported the institution. Now she in her turn is claiming the right to enter the community, to escape from the solitary confinement of the lover's castle. The 'mansions' with their common dining-rooms, reading rooms, their system of common service, are springing up in every quarter; the house, the villa, is disappearing. The story is the same in every country. The separate dwelling where it remains, is being absorbed into a system. The houses are even warmed from a common furnace. You do not light the fire, you turn on the steam. Your dinner is brought around to you in a traveling oven. You subscribe for your valet or your lady's maid. Very soon the private establishment with its staff of unorganized, quarreling servants, of necessity either over or under worked, will be as extinct as the lake-dwelling in the sandstone cave.

I hope," said the Woman of the World "that I may live to see it.

In all probability," replied the Minor Poet, "you will. I would I could feel as hopeful for myself."

"If your prophecy be likely of fulfillment," remarked the Philosopher, "I console myself with the reflection that I am the oldest of the party. Myself, I never read these full and exhaustive reports of the next century without reveling in the reflection that before they can be achieved I shall be dead and buried."

"I disagree with you," said the Minor Poet.

"Your statement does not convince me of my error," retorted the Philosopher.

Nevertheless I speak the facts, express the world-current," continued the Minor Poet. "Europe annexes piece by piece the dark places of the earth, gives to them her laws. The Empire swallows the small State. Russia stretches her arm around Asia. In London we toast the union of the English-speaking peoples; in Berlin and Vienna we rub a salamander to the Deutsches Bund; in Paris we whisper of a communion of the Latin races. In great things so in small. The store, the huge emporium, displaces the small shopkeeper; the trust amalgamates a hundred firms; the union speaks for the worker. The limits of country, of language, are found too narrow for the new ideas German, American, or English? Let what yard of colored cotton you choose float from the mizzenmast: the business of the human race is their Captain. One hundred and fifty years ago old Sam Johnson waited in a patron's anteroom; to-day the entire world invites him to growl his table talk the while it takes its dish of tea. The Poet, the Novelist, speaks in twenty languages. Nationality! It is the County Council of the future. The world's highroads run turnpike free from pole to pole. One would be blind not to see the goal toward which we are rushing. At the outside it is but a generation or two off. It is one huge murmuring hive, one universal hive just the size of the round earth. The bees have been before us. They have solved the riddle toward which we in darkness have been groping."

The Old Maid shuddered visibly. "What a terrible idea!" she said.

"To us," replied the Minor Poet; "not to those who come after us. The child dreads manhood. To Abraham, roaming the world

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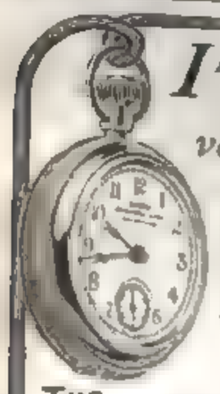

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with his flocks, the life of your modern city man, chained to his office from ten to four, would have seemed little better than penal servitude.

"My sympathies are with the Abrahamitical days," observed the Philosopher.

"Mine also," agreed the Minor Poet. "But neither you nor I represent the tendency of the age. We are its curiosities. We, and such as we, serve as the brake regulating the rate of progress. Why does the hotel with its five hundred servants, its catering for three thousand mouths, work smoothly, while the desirable family residence, with its two or three domestics, remains the scene of waste, confusion and dispute? We are losing the talent of living alone: the instinct of living in communities is driving it out."

"So much the worse for the community," was the comment of the Philosopher. "Man, as Ibsen has said, will always be at his greatest when he stands alone. To return to our friend Abraham: surely he, wandering in the wilderness, talking with his God, was nearer the ideal than the modern citizen, thinking with his morning paper, applauding silly shibboleths from an Adelphi pit, guffawing at coarse jests, one of the music-hall crowd. In the community it is the lowest always leads. If Socrates and Galileo, Confucius and Christ had 'thought in communities' the world would indeed be the ant-hill you appear to regard as its destiny."

"In balancing the books of life one must have regard to both sides of the ledger," responded the Minor Poet. "Not the development of the individual—that is his own concern—but the uplifting of the race would appear to be a Law. We are impatient, forgetting that the coming and going of our generations are but as the swinging of the pendulum of Nature's clock. The road winds, the gradient is somewhat steep. Just now, maybe, we are traversing a backward curve but I gain my faith by pausing now and then to look behind. I see the weary way with many a downward sweep. But we are climbing, my friend we are climbing."

"But to such a very dismal goal, according to your theory," grumbled the Old Maid. "I should hate to feel myself an insect in a hive, my little round of duties apportioned to me, my every action regulated by a fixed law, my place assigned to me, my very food and drink, I suppose, apportioned to me. Do think of something more cheerful."

The Minor Poet laughed. "My dear Lady," he replied, "it is too late. The thing is already done. The hive already covers us, the cells are in building. Who leads his own life? Who is master of himself? What can you do but live according to your income, in, I am sure, a very charming little cell; buzz about your little world with your cheerful, kindly song, helping these your fellow-insects here, doing day by day the useful offices apportioned to you by your temperament and means, seeing the same faces, treading ever the same narrow circle. Why do I write poetry? I am not to blame. I must live. It is the only thing I can do. Why does one man live and die upon the treeless rocks of Iceland, another labor in the vineyards of the Apennines? Who would be a sweep or a chaperon, were all roads free? Who is it succeeds in escaping the law of the hive? The loafer, the tramp. On the other hand, who is the man we respect and envy? The man who works for the community, the public-spirited man, as we call him, the unselfish man, the man who labors for the labor's sake and not for the profit, devoting his days and nights to learning Nature's secrets, to acquiring knowledge useful to the race. Is he not the happiest? The man who has conquered his own sordid desires, who gives himself to the public good? The hive was founded in dark days; before man knew, it has been built according to false laws. This man will have a cell bigger than any other cell; all the other little men shall envy him; a thousand fellow crawling mites shall slave for him, wear out their lives in wretchedness for him and him alone; all their honey they shall bring to him; he shall gorge while they shall starve. Of what use? He has slept no sounder in his foolishly fanciful cell. Sleep is to tired eyes, not to silken coverlets. His stomach—distend it as he will, it is very small—resents being extended. The store of honey rots. The hive was conceived in the dark days of ignorance, stupidity, brutality. A new hive shall arise."

"I had no idea," said the Woman of the World, "you were a Socialist."

"Nor had I," agreed the Minor Poet, "before I began to talk."

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Jerome's essays.

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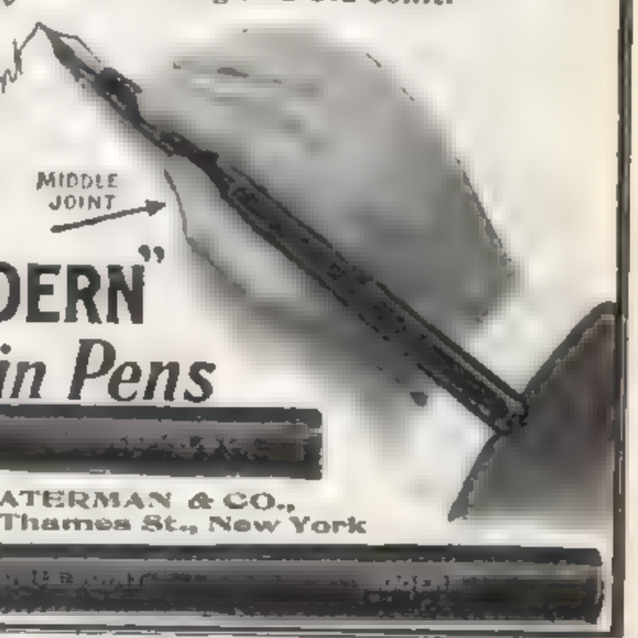

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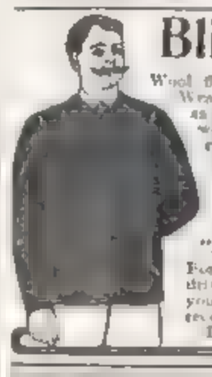

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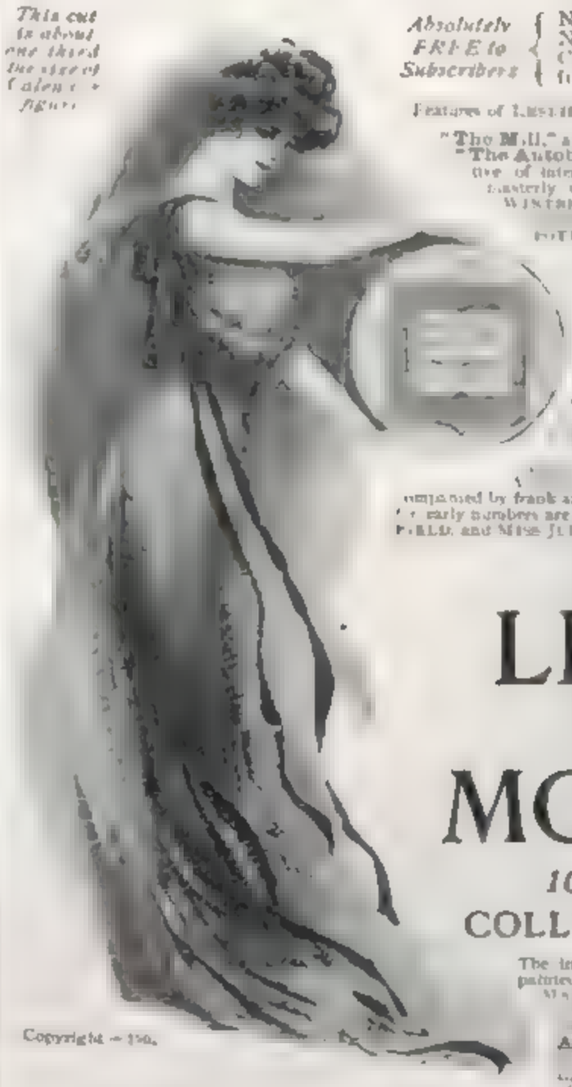

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MIND TRAINING IN BUSINESS

By R. W. CONANT

THE business world is a great sieve, in which men are being incessantly shaken and sifted, the little fellows dropping through and the big ones remaining on top. This winnowing process is remorseless, and every ambitious man is ever on the alert for new devices for so increasing his personal value that he shall not go through the sieve. No more doing business in "the good old way"—hang out your sign, sit back, and wait for business to come to you. It is only a quarter of a century, or even less, since the wise men who undertook to tell how every one might be successful laid all their emphasis on the cardinal virtues—honesty, sobriety, truthfulness and industry.

But before long increasing competition called for increased equipment. The cardinal virtues, though just as necessary as ever, had to be reinforced by education and, if possible, by practical expertness in some one department of industry.

Nor is it sufficient to *be* capable; you must *seem* so. The old school moralists loved to impress upon our youthful minds the Latin motto "*Esse non videri*," the new school says "*Esse et videri.*" The modern business man who must succeed by his own efforts studies how he may produce the best impression on those whom he approaches, how he may make the most of himself. He aims to be both businesslike and agreeable, and especially does he take care to appear always vigorous. Even if he is actually sick he will conceal and deny the fact as long as possible, knowing well that employers have no use for a man whom they suspect of being sickly. Recently an interview with a prominent man was published, in which he complained bitterly of the injury done him by certain malicious persons who had spread abroad a report of his poor health.

There are said to be firms which will not put a man into a responsible position, whatever his qualifications, unless he first produces a reliable physician's certificate that he is all sound. A certain clergyman, after he had been installed in a large church, was discovered to be subject to attacks of dyspepsia. One of the trustees remarked to me that if this fact had been known to them in advance the dyspeptic clergyman would never have been called to that church.

These examples serve to illustrate how inexorably the keenness of modern competition demands of every man the best that is in him. As a consequence the study of personal development along all lines has received an enormous impetus, and especially the study of mind training. Many an honest fellow has followed all his life the wise maxims taught him in youth—to be sober, truthful and industrious—only to be painfully surprised at finding himself in later life no nearer success than at the start. He is still drudging in some inferior position, perhaps getting fifteen dollars a week, and likely to get less as he grows older. He has neglected mind training, probably never thought of it.

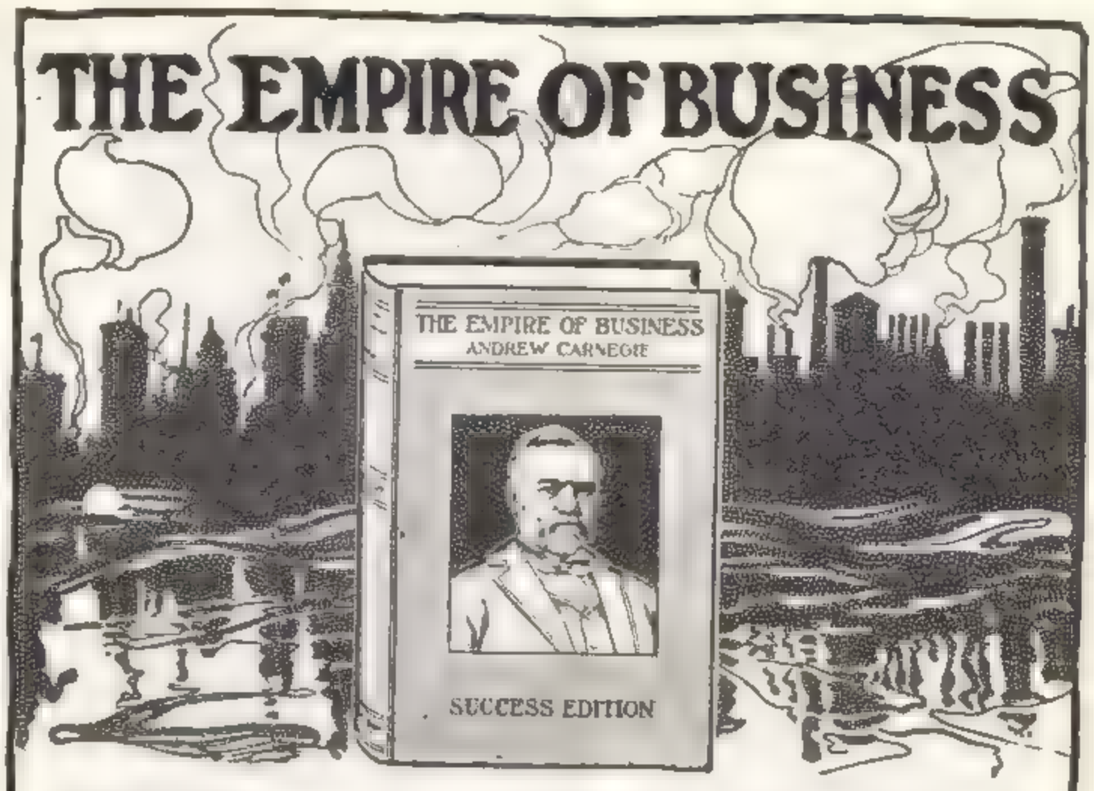
Make Yourself What You Would Be

It is a large subject. The fundamental principle of mind training is this: *You can make what you will of yourself, if you will only try hard enough.* Every desirable and helpful tendency may be developed; every undesirable and injurious one may be checked or eradicated. The shy and timid can learn to be brave and self-reliant; the slow to be quick and the quick to be sure; the careless to be systematic; the tactless to be tactful; the taciturn to be eloquent, and the loquacious to be discreet; and so on through the list. By eternal vigilance every man can solve his own "personal equation," and he can do this only through the study and practice of mental training.

In this study, as in every other, some must take a fuller and longer course than others, natural aptitude counts for much. How easy it seems to be for some fortunate individuals always to do the right thing in the right place; they please every one without apparent effort; they make each position a stepping-stone to a higher as if by magic. On them the world hastens to lavish its riches and its honors.

But those who really deserve the highest praise are the unfortunate majority; those to whom it comes hard to do just the right thing and say just the right word, and who must acquire that skill by the severest self-discipline and sleepless vigilance. They

THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS



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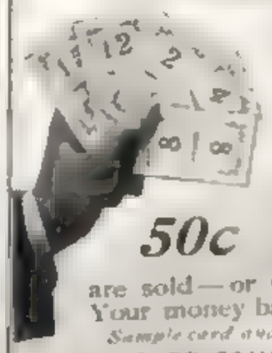

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must reckon with heredity and there is no harder creditor. Are you naturally vivacious and talkative? Beware lest you appear too flighty for reliability in business. Are you inclined to be taciturn? A business man must learn to be "a good talker." Are you shy and reserved? People will crush your prospects with that awful epithet, "cold."

By using the algebraic formula for geometrical progressions it is easy to compute that every human being has had, as far back as the tenth generation, 51,130 ancestors. Roughly speaking, that covers about 300 years. If we go back further, say to 1300 A. D., each of us has had 10,485,780 forebears. Each of these ancestors has bequeathed peculiarities of mind and body to his or her descendants—what a race composite, then, you and I must be!

Ugly Ducklings that Turn Out Well

A man is not, as popularly supposed, merely the incorporation of certain abilities, qualities and tendencies peculiar to himself; he is a microcosm of all which have ever existed, only with certain traits predominant which we call his individuality. It follows from this that it is a mistake for any one to assume that his individuality is fixed and unchangeable; it is merely a question of which side of his composite heredity shall be uppermost, and in that his will has a sovereign choice. He can exalt the best that is in him and put down the worst, or vice versa—it is only a question of trying hard enough. This explains a matter of common observation, that adults so often belie the promise of childhood—good children turn out badly, and bad children turn out well; the stupid boy grows up into the successful man, and the awkward girl into the graceful young woman, and the dear little Lord Fauntleroy, of whom every one predicted good, develops into a most unlovely man.

In short, success depends less upon the hereditary qualities which happen to be uppermost at birth than upon the [illegible]. This should be a great consolation and encouragement to those who consider themselves poorly endowed by nature.

That is not the usual explanation. It is generally regarded as an unfathomable mystery, variously explained, according to the observer's preconceptions, as "evolution," "degeneration," "environment," "Providence," or "the devil." But whichever of these explanations one may prefer, they all amount to this—that the qualities which first predominated have ceased to do so, and new ones have taken their place. It is like turning a kaleidoscope, so that an entirely new arrangement of the interior view appears. Most people leave the turning of their individual kaleidoscopes to circumstances, but that is as shiftless as it is foolish. Do your own turning, and insist on turning uppermost the qualities which you know are best.

Get On by Using Push and Pull

The day is past when a man can expect to wait modestly for others to seek him out and push him forward, just because he has exhibited all the cardinal virtues. The world does not care what you are, what you know, what you can do, or what you expect to do; its only interest is—*What are you doing?* And if what you are doing is something which the world wants and which it can't get better elsewhere, and if you can compel the world to recognize that fact, then it will gladly give you the best it has in return for what you do for it. Positive virtue, not negative, is what counts in this world, and probably in the next [illegible].

In these days it is no disgrace for any man, however high his station, to advertise himself or his goods. [illegible] in asking for what one wants. "To him that knocketh it shall be opened"—especially if he seems likely to kick the door in. If you want a certain position, go after it and get all your friends to help you. The doors to the Temple of Success are twofold: on one is inscribed *Push*, on the other *Pull*.

Aim to keep your mind pliable especially as you grow older. One reason why business men are prejudiced against employing men over thirty is that most men grow stiff in their minds long before they get stiff in their joints. One should cultivate the habit of looking on all sides of every question, of being quick to see all its relations and suggestions; one should be receptive to new ideas, scrutinize them carefully and adopt those which are best.

Look out for ruts. Keep moving. Action and inter-action are life, for life is positive, stagnation is the oncoming of death.

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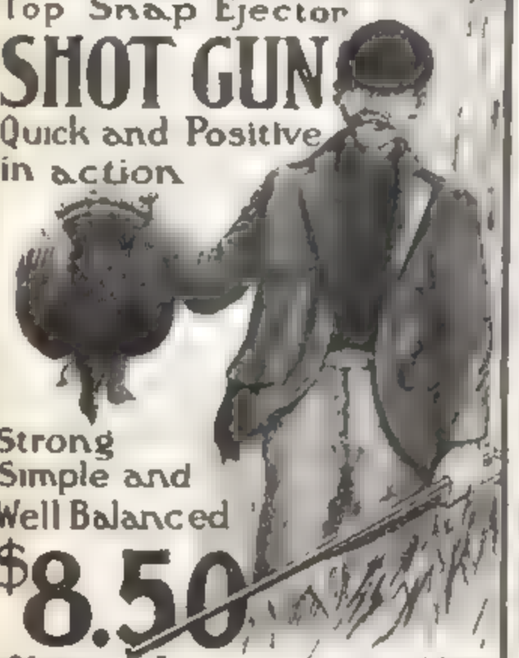
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THE PIT

[Continued from Page 17]

and loves paintings, and poetry, and Shakespeare, and all that, and Curtis don't care for those things at all. They wouldn't have had anything in common. But Corthell—that was different. And Laura did care for him, in a way. He interested her immensely. When he'd get started on art subjects Laura would just hang on every word. My lands, I wouldn't have gone away if I'd been in his boots. You mark my words, Charlie, there was the man for Laura Dearborn, and she'll marry him yet, or I'll miss my guess."

"That's just like you, Carrie—you and the rest of the women," exclaimed Cressler; "always scheming to marry each other off. Why don't you let the girl alone? Laura's all right. She minds her own business, and she's perfectly happy. But you'd go to work and get up a sensation about her, and say that your 'heart bleeds for her,' and that she's born to trouble, and has sad eyes. If she gets into trouble it'll be because some one else makes it for her. You take my advice, and let her paddle her own canoe. She's got the head to do it; don't you worry about that. By the way"—Cressler interrupted himself, seizing the opportunity to change the subject—"By the way, Carrie, Curtis has been speculating again."

"Too bad," she murmured.

"So it is," Cressler went on. "He and Gretry are thick as thieves these days. Gretry, I understand, has been selling September wheat for him all last week and only this morning they closed out another scheme—some corn game. It was all over the Floor just about at closing time. They tell me that Curtis landed between eight and ten thousand. Always seems to win. I'd give a lot to keep him out of it; but since his deal in May wheat he's been getting into it more and more."

"Did he sell that property on Washington Street?" she inquired.

"Oh," exclaimed her husband, "I'd forgot. I meant to tell you. No, he didn't sell it. But he did better. He wouldn't sell, and those department store people took a lease. Guess what they pay him. Three hundred thousand a year. J. is getting richer all the time, and why he can't be satisfied with his own business instead of monkeying 'round La Salle Street is a mystery to me."

But, as Mrs. Cressler was about to reply, Laura came to the open window of the parlor.

"Oh, Mrs. Cressler," she called, "I don't seem to find your Idylls, after all. I thought they were in the little bookcase."

"Wait. I'll find them for you," exclaimed Mrs. Cressler. "Would you mind?" said Laura, as Mrs. Cressler rose.

Inside, the gas had not been lighted. The library was dark and cool, and when Mrs. Cressler had found the book for Laura the girl pleaded a headache as an excuse for remaining within. The two sat down by the raised sash of a window at the side of the house that overlooked the "side yard," where the morning-glories and nasturtiums were in full bloom.

"The house is cooler, isn't it?" observed Mrs. Cressler.

Laura settled herself in her wicker chair, and with a gesture that of late had become habitual with her pushed her heavy coils of hair to one side and patted them softly to place.

"It is getting warmer, I do believe," she said, rather listlessly. "I understand it is to be a very hot summer." Then she added, "I'm to be married in July, Mrs. Cressler."

Mrs. Cressler gasped, and sitting bolt upright stared for one breathless instant at Laura's face, dimly visible in the darkness. Then, stupefied, she managed to vociferate:

"What! Laura! Married? My darling girl!"

"Yes," answered Laura calmly. "In July—or maybe sooner."

"Why, I thought you had rejected Mr. Corthell. I thought that's why he went away."

"Went away? He never went away. I [illegible] It's Mr. Jadwin."

"Drink [illegible]" [illegible] Mrs. Cressler [illegible] and with the words kissed Laura on both cheeks. "My dear, dear child, you [illegible] glad I am. From the very first I've said you were made for one another. And I thought all the time that you'd told him you wouldn't have him."

"I did," said Laura. Her manner was quiet. She seemed a little grave. "I told him I did not love him. Only last week I told him so."

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"Well, then, why did you promise?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Laura with a show of animation. "You don't realize what it's been. Do you suppose you can say 'no' to that man?"

"Of course not, of course not," declared Mrs. Cressler joyfully. "That's J. all over. I might have known he'd have you if he set out to do it."

"Morning, noon and night," Laura continued. "He seemed willing to wait as long as I wasn't definite; but one day I wrote to him and gave him a square 'No,' so he couldn't mistake, and just as soon as I'd said that he—he—began. I didn't have any peace until I'd promised him, and the moment I had promised he had a ring on my finger. He'd had it ready in his pocket for weeks it seems. No," she explained, as Mrs. Cressler laid her fingers upon her left hand, "that I would not have—yet."

"Oh, it was like J. to be persistent," repeated Mrs. Cressler.

"Persistent!" murmured Laura. "He simply wouldn't talk of anything else. It was making him sick, he said. And he did have a fever—often. But he would come out to see me just the same. One night when it was pouring rain—— Well, I'll tell you. He had been to dinner with us, and afterward, in the drawing-room, I told him 'no' for the hundredth time just as plainly as I could, and he went away early—it wasn't eight. I thought that now at last he had given up. But he was back again before ten the same evening. He said he had come back to return a copy of a book I had loaned him—Jane Eyre it was. Raining! I never saw it rain as it did that night. He was drenched, and even at dinner he had a low fever. And then I was sorry for him. I told him he could come to see me again. I didn't propose to have him come down with pneumonia, or typhoid, or something. And so it all began over again."

"But you loved him, Laura?" demanded Mrs. Cressler. "You love him now?"

Laura was silent. Then at length:

"I don't know," she answered.

"Why, of course you love him, Laura," insisted Mrs. Cressler. "You wouldn't have promised him if you hadn't. Of course you love him, don't you?"

"Yes, I—I suppose I must love him, or—as you say—I wouldn't have promised to marry him. He does everything, every little thing I say. He just seems to think of nothing else but to please me from morning until night. And when I finally said I would marry him, why, Mrs. Cressler, he choked all up, and the tears ran down his face, and all he could say was, 'May God bless you! May God bless you!' over and over again, and his hand shook so that—— Oh, well," she broke off abruptly. Then added, "Somehow it makes tears come to my eyes to think of it."

"But, Laura," urged Mrs. Cressler, "you love Curtis, don't you? You—you're such a strange girl sometimes. Dear child, talk to me as though I were your mother. There's no one in the world loves you more than I do. You love Curtis, don't you?"

Laura hesitated a long moment.

"Yes," she said slowly at length. "I think I love him very much sometimes. And then sometimes I think I don't. I can't tell. There are days when I'm sure of it, and there are others when I wonder if I want to be married, after all. I thought when love came it was to be—oh, uplifting, something glorious, like Juliet's love or Marguerite's. Something that would——" Suddenly she struck her hand to her breast, her fingers shut tight, closing to a fist. "Oh, something that would shake me all to pieces. I thought that was the only kind of love there was."

"Oh, that's what you read about in trashy novels," Mrs. Cressler assured her, "or the kind you see at the matinées. I wouldn't let that bother me, Laura. There's no doubt that J. loves you."

Laura brightened a little. "Oh, no," she answered, "there's no doubt about that. It's splendid, that part of it. He seems to think there's nothing in the world too good for me. Just imagine, only yesterday I was saying something about my shoes, I really forget what—something about how hard it was for me to get the kind of shoes I liked. Would you believe it, he got me to give him my measure, and when I saw him in the evening he told me he had cabled to Brussels to some famous shoemaker and had ordered I don't know how many pairs."

"Just like him, just like him!" cried Mrs. Cressler. "I know you will be happy, Laura, dear. You can't help but be with a man who loves you as J. does."

"I think I shall be happy," answered Laura, suddenly grave. "Oh, Mrs. Cressler,

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I want to be. I hope that I sha'n't come to myself some day, after it is too late, and find that it was all a mistake." Her voice shook a little. "You don't know how nervous I am these days. One minute I am one kind of girl, and the next another kind. I'm so nervous and—oh, I don't know. Oh, I guess it will be all right." She wiped her eyes, and laughed a note. "I don't see why I should cry about it," she murmured.

"Well, Laura," answered Mrs. Cressler, "if you don't love Curtis, don't marry him. That's very simple."

"It's like this, Mrs. Cressler," Laura explained: "I suppose I am very uncharitable and unchristian, but I like the people that like me, and I hate those that don't like me. I can't help it. I know it's wrong, but that's the way I am. And I love to be loved. The man that would love me the most would make me love him. And when Mr. Jadwin seems to care so much, and do so much, and—you know how I mean; it does make a difference, of course. I suppose I care as much for Mr. Jadwin as I ever will care for any man. I suppose I must be cold and unemotional."

Mrs. Cressler could not restrain a movement of surprise.

"You unemotional? Why, I thought you just said that you had imagined love would be like Juliet and like that girl in Faust—that it was going to shake you all to pieces."

"Did I say that? Well, I told you I was one girl one minute and another another. I don't know myself these days. Oh, hark," she said abruptly, as the cadence of hoofs began to make itself audible from the end of the side street. "That's the team now. I could recognize those horses' trot as far as I could hear it. Let's go out. I know he would like to have me there when he drives up. And you know"—she put her hand on Mrs. Cressler's arm as they moved toward the door—"this is absolutely a secret as yet."

"Why, of course, Laura, dear. But tell me just one thing more," Mrs. Cressler asked in a whisper. "Are you going to have a church wedding?"

"Hey, Carrie," called Mr. Cressler from the stoop, "here's J."

Laura shook her head.

"No, I want it to be very quiet—at our house. We'll go to Geneva Lake for the summer. That's why, you see, I couldn't promise to go to Oconomowoc with you."

They came out upon the front steps, Mrs. Cressler's arm around Laura's waist. It was dark by now, and the air was warmer.

The team was swinging down the street close at hand, the hoof-beats exactly timed, as if there were but one instead of two horses.

"Well, what's the record to-night, J.?" cried Cressler, as Jadwin brought the bays to a stand at the horse-block. Jadwin did not respond until he had passed the reins to the coachman, and taking the stop-watch from the latter's hand he drew at his cigar and held the glowing tip to the dial.

"Eleven minutes and a quarter," he announced, "and we had to wait for the bridge at that."

He came up the steps, fanning himself with his slouch hat and dropped into the chair that Landry had brought for him. "Upon my word," he exclaimed, gingerly drawing off his driving gloves, "I've no feeling in my fingers at all. Those fellows will pull my hands clean off some day."

But he was hardly settled in his place before he proposed to send the coachman home, and to take Laura for a drive toward Lincoln Park, and even a little way into the park itself. He promised to have her back within an hour.

In the light of the street-lamps Mrs. Cressler and the others watched them drive off, sitting side by side behind the fine horses. Jadwin, broad-shouldered, a fresh cigar in his teeth, each rein in a double turn about his large, hard hands; Laura, slim, erect, pale, her black, thick hair throwing a tragic shadow low upon her forehead.

"A fine-looking couple," commented Mr. Cressler as they disappeared.

The hoof-beats died away, the team vanished. Landry Court, who stood behind the others, watching, turned to Mrs. Cressler. She thought she detected a little unsteadiness in his voice, but he repeated bravely:

"Yes, yes, that's right. They are a fine, a—a fine-looking couple together, aren't they? A fine-looking couple."

A week went by, then two; soon May had passed. On the fifteenth of that month Laura's engagement to Curtis Jadwin was formally announced. The day of the wedding was set for the first week in June.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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If you could see the Oro Hondo Property you would be interested in this map

ORO HONDO HOMESTAKE

Hatched Line shows the location of the Ore Body

THIS MAP shows the location of the biggest gold mine in the world — the **Homestake** and the adjoining **Oro Hondo Mine,** which promises to become equally famous and profitable. Although the Homestake has paid regular dividends for twenty-five years and is crushing over three thousand tons of ore daily, it has enough ore in sight to run its enormous plant, night and day, thirty-five years longer without further development work. Mining on this famous ore ledge, which is 456 feet wide and of vertical formation, is on the same substantial basis as iron manufacturing in Pennsylvania.

The managers of the **Oro Hondo Mining Co.** are practical mining men, who saw the splendid possibilities in the property they subsequently bought, and which was only acquired after years of most careful and diplomatic negotiation at a cost exceeding $600,000.00. With their own money, and before a share of stock was offered for outside subscription, the initial development work was undertaken. A large three compartment shaft, 17½ by 8 ft., was started and a complete hoisting plant (the hoist alone cost over $20,000.00), capable of hoisting 1500 ft., was installed. This shaft is already down over 100 feet in an ore body that assays $7.60 to the ton, identical in character with the Homestake ore. The Company is now extending this development work by opening up and blocking out sufficient ore to supply a large crushing and cyanide plant for many years to come. To do this work, and to erect and pay for a two hundred stamp mill and cyanide plant capable of handling from 800 to 1000 tons of ore per day, will require an additional expenditure of from $400,000.00 to $500,000.00. While the necessary amount to do this has been underwritten or guaranteed by the present management, so that the success of the enterprise is absolutely assured, the Company has decided to offer to the public a portion of the 3,500,000 treasury shares — par $1.00 — at 50 cents per share. The proceeds of this subscription will be used for the purposes above stated. The following well-known business men, whose interests are largely identified with mining, are officers of the Company:

HON. JAMES B. ORMAN, Governor of Colorado, President
GEORGE M. NIX, President Black Hills Mining Men's Association; Vice-President Hidden Fortune Gold Mining Co., Lead, S. D., Vice-President and General Manager
ROBERT H. DRISCOLL, Cashier First National Bank, Lead, S. D., Treasurer
GEORGE D. BEGOLE, Asst. Sec. Hidden Fortune Gold Mining Co., Denver, Secretary

It will therefore be evident to every careful, conservative, investigating investor—

FIRST: That the **Oro Hondo** is not a proposition which promises the investor impossible monthly dividends before they are earned.

SECOND: That the **Oro Hondo** is a **gold mine** with every indication of becoming a permanent dividend payer for an unlimited period in the future. The magnitude of this enterprise is assured by its conservative and able management.

THIRD: That the **Oro Hondo** stock will increase in intrinsic value as this development proceeds to a point that will return most staple and satisfactory profits to the original investor.

The stock will be listed on the principal mining exchanges of the country, thus affording a ready market at all time to all stockholders.

If any subscriber, upon investigation, is not satisfied that the existing conditions at the Mine have been understated by us, we shall cheerfully refund the amount subscribed.

If a number of prospective investors desire to visit the property and verify the conditions existing, as stated in our advertisement, we shall be willing and pleased to personally conduct such a party, with their own expert if desired, at **our expense.** No inconvenience would attend such a trip. The best accommodations will be provided to within less than a thousand yards of the main shaft in the city of Lead, sixty hours from New York or Philadelphia, and thirty-six hours from Chicago or St. Louis.

We have inaugurated a system for the formation of clubs, by which the investor of moderate means is given an opportunity to visit the property at our expense. Full details of this plan will be sent to those who are interested and will fill out and return to us the coupon on the corner of this page.

The Oro Hondo Mining Company refers to First National Bank, Denver, Colorado;
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Dear Sirs:
Send me information in reference to the proposition by which I may have an opportunity of visiting the Oro Hondo Mine at Lead City, South Dakota, without cost to me. Also send your illustrated prospectus and book on the "Reduction of Gold Ores."

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A Man Without an Axe to Grind

BEATRICE, NEBR., September 27, 1901.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, ESQ.,

Dear Sir: I feel only right to send you an acknowledgment of the great benefit I have received from your system of physiological training.

At the time I commenced (last May) I was thought by everyone to be in a dying condition. I was in very morbid state of mind from an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach, and with scarcely enough strength to keep moving. I had for years attempted to build up my physical system by first one method of physical culture and then another. In all, I found the results slow and the exercise *too much trouble*. At the present writing I have arrived at a state of physical development which I would have thought impossible for me to attain. I am in a state of practically perfect health, and the excessive secretion of acid has entirely ceased.

Your system is not only the best I have ever tried but is beyond all comparison with any such. Very gratefully yours,

CHAS. A. DAVIS, Beatrice, Neb.

My System is as elastic as human need. It would obviously be foolish to offer the man or woman whose work involves arduous physical exercise the same instruction that is given the man who spends his days bending over a desk or perched on a stool. My instruction is entirely individual. I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 574 Unity, CHICAGO